

JULY 11, 1988

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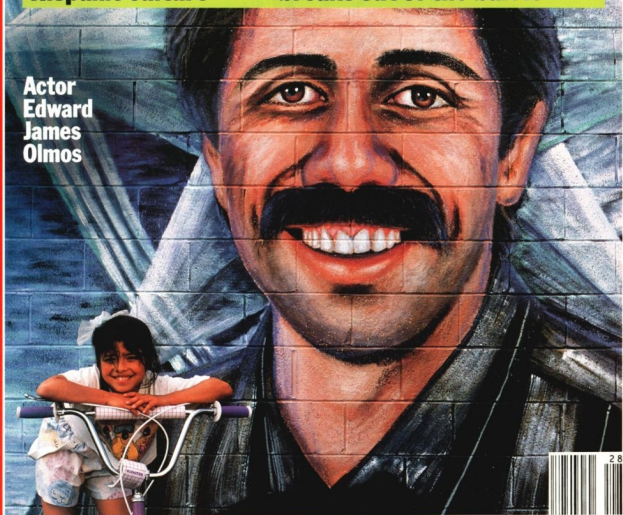
TIME

SPECIAL ISSUE

¡Magnífico!

Hispanic culture breaks out of the barrio

**Actor
Edward
James
Olmos**



724404 1

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



A Latin Wave Hits the Mainstream

46

Ever ready to borrow the best from other cultures, America is celebrating the spirited sounds and shapes, the flavors and flirtations of Hispanic style. The new influence is changing the way the country eats, dresses, dances, plays, learns—the way it lives. Look around. See the special lightning, the distinctive gravity, the portable wit, the personal spin. In theater and films, Latin playwrights and directors supply a fresh vision and voice. The names on

the marquee have a Spanish ring: Andy Garcia, Maria Conchita Alonso, the inspirational actor Edward James Olmos. In fashion and design, painting and architecture, critics laud the Latino artists whose work owes its strength to aesthetic merit, not simply ethnic novelty. And as they cross over into the American imagination, Hispanics are sending one irresistible message: we come bearing gifts.



Nation

14

America's crown jewels, its national parks, have become too popular for their own good and are getting pretty shopworn. ► A guide to reading between the lines of the Democratic platform.



World

Gorbachev dominates an extraordinary Communist Party gabfest, part town meeting and part gripe session. Delegates endorse the Soviet leader's plan for a presidential system that could relax the Communist Party's grip a bit.



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Economy & Business

A dramatic crash at a French air show raises questions about the design of the Airbus A320 jet. ► The dollar stages a strong comeback—perhaps too strong for some central banks. ► The effects of the drought hit supermarket aisles.

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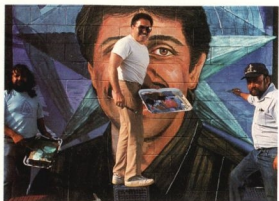
Cover: Photograph by Harry Benson;
wall mural by Joe L. Gonzalez

A Letter from the Publisher

Actor Edward James Olmos, a familiar face to fans of *Miami Vice* and his recent movie *Stand and Deliver*, is an especially familiar face to pedestrians on Cheesbrough's Lane in East Los Angeles. For our special issue on Hispanic-American culture, TIME's art department came up with an ingenious way of portraying Olmos on the cover. In predominantly Hispanic East Los Angeles, Artist Joe Gonzalez has promoted a renaissance by painting uplifting murals on the sides of buildings. "So we asked ourselves," says Executive Art Director Nigel Holmes, "Why not have Gonzalez paint us a mural that depicted Olmos?"

Gonzalez found the perfect canvas: a gray concrete-block wall just off Cheesbrough's Lane in the parking lot of El Mercado, a Hispanic gathering place for shopping, food stalls and mariachi bands. Olmos grew up in a house just down the street. Gonzalez and fellow Muralists Tony Ramirez and Xavier Quijas got to work with their acrylic paints. Then Photographer Harry Benson captured the image that appears on the cover.

With TIME's deadline approaching, Holmes and his fellow art directors grew a little nervous. Normally they watch the



Parking-lot art: Joe Gonzalez, center, and his creation

work in progress. "In this case," recalls Holmes, "we couldn't say, 'Hey, please send over your concrete wall, so that we can have a look at the mural.' We were going on faith."

To Staff Writer Guy D. Garcia, who wrote the story, the cover image could not have been more appropriate. "Olmos is a symbol of Hispanic Americans' newfound self-assurance," says Garcia, an East Los Angeles native and author of a novel set in the barrio (*Skin Deep*), to be published this fall by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. "Because the muralists are part of the Hispanic cultural movement, the medium really is part of the message."

Gonzalez, 48, started painting murals in 1963. "We wanted to help instill pride," says Gonzalez. "Eddie Olmos is the perfect example. He grew up in the barrio and became somebody. That gives inspiration to kids who might otherwise give up." And if they require further inspiration, they need only stroll down Cheesbrough's Lane.

Robert L. Miller

Seatbelts save lives. Don't drink and drive.

The most important part in any car is a sober driver.

Between now and September 3 we hope you will call 1-800-444-8987 for information on where to sign this year's Drive for Life pledge and petition. We, Mothers Against Drunk Driving, hope you will join us in support of MADD and make it a point not to drink and drive on this day.

And during this day, remind others to do the same by driving with your lights on.

Your efforts can make a difference.

Last year was the first Drive for Life pledge day. That day showed nearly a 30% reduction in alcohol-related fatalities.

What happens on our highways as a result of drunk driving is a crime. Last year, 23,000 men, women and children lost their lives in drunk driving crashes. Help us reduce these numbers.

Please join us on September 3.

And shed some light on this sobering topic.

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THE SICILIAN	4953092	OKLAHOMA	0504472	THE MUSIC MAN	6147912
WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE	5601022	THE GLENN MILLER STORY	2130412	GARDENS OF STONE	3646042
BEVERLY HILLS COP	2653362	AN AMERICAN TAIL	7148402	CABLET	4957482
NATIONAL LAMPHOON'S VACATION	0208442	FROM HERE TO ETERNITY	1917002	NOTHING IN COMMON	6509252
CADYSHACK	6022262	TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD	1022282	OUT OF AFRICA	2131162
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ORPHANS	5189022	RETURN OF THE JEDI	3547532	BILL COSBY, HIMSELF	0005142
STARMAN	1722002	STAND BY ME	1934432	MY FAIR LADY	3607512
BOY HEAT	6025112	CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD	4294072	ROST BROS.	3606912
LESS THAN ZERO	3605022	BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID	0517632	SUPERMAN IV: THE QUEST FOR PEACE	6311012
GIANT	6580182	THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN	0534472	HEARTBREAK RIDGE	6289332
HEAT/TURN	4921052	THE GODFATHER PART II	0118422	THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK	0913412
BACK TO SCHOOL	6524042	THE GODFATHER	0008512	PEGGY SUE GOT MARRIED	6520392
SHORTSTERS	1742682	COBRA	6201042	PC WEE'S BIG ADVENTURE	6086342
THE THIN MAN	2640022	STREET SMART	3443092	DRAGNET	2227032
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY	0025192	STAND BY ME	1934432	PREDATOR	3646042
PORKY'S REVENGE	0991712	SOUTH PACIFIC	3506452	JAWS: THE REVENGE	2520062
RUBIN BUSINESS	6033402	THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI	1606302	CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND	1510272
SEASIDE STREET PRESENTS:		CLUB TRAPPA (1983)	0579912	BLIND DATE	1853092
HEAT/TURN	4921052	THE STING	1900502	CHINA GIRL	4867562
WHOOPI GOLDBERG	4815152	SCARFACE (1983)	2168042	TRUE GIRT	2008512
KELLY'S HEROES	2671042	RAMBO	3439052	48 HOURS	2022262
RETURN WINDOW	2134052	THE DEER HUNTER	2124152	THE SEVEN SAMURAI	3108212
JEWEL OF THE NILE	3971602	THE DEER HUNTER (1980)	6297062	A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET II	3420022
BLADE RUNNER	3184332	BLUE VELVET	5150072	SILVERADO	1810242
DR. NO	0541822	MISSING IN ACTION	2624022	RAISING ANZONA	3646042
WITNESS	4114052	THE LIVER	6504302	LOST HORIZON	1810242
TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE	3300562	THE SOUND OF MUSIC	0009472	A SOLDIER'S STORY	1732082
RAMBING HILL	4540862	CHARLOTTE'S WEB	1704412	DEATH WISH 4	3449032
SHORT CIRCUIT	3607012	THE KARATE KID	1095122	ROCKY V	3710482
ANNIE	1516132	THE KARATE KID	1095122	THE RIGHT STUFF	6034142
THE WIZARD OF OZ	0014202	ROCKY V	3710482	HARRY HARDY	6071722
STAR TREK II: THE WRATHING HEIGHTS	3126452	OVERBOARD	3657002	STAR TREK II: THE WRATHING HEIGHTS	2016322
BEH-HUR	2602322	LETHAL WEAPON	6308062	THE GRANCH FOR SPOCK	1701662
BACK TO THE FUTURE	2114172	TOOTIE	1509122	THE KARATE KID II	1814152
ROMANCING THE STONE	4020122	STAR WARS	0564852	AGNES OF GOD	1812222
GANDHI	1533042	THE BIG TOWN	4900222	JUMPIN' JACK FLASH	3827072
ARTHUR	6024332	POLICE ACADEMY IV	6306062	CHARLOTTE OF THE	6014402
THE FALLOON & THE SNOWMAN	4808222	A PASSAGE TO INDIA	1741362	WEST SIDE STORY	0506792
DEATH WISH 3	2751072	THE FLY (1986)	3921072	THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS	3632052
THE BIG CHILL	1671362	RE-ANIMATOR	4847172	MURPHY'S ROMANCE	1835482
STAR TREK IV: THE VOYAGE HOME	4300032	AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN	2021192	ROCKY V	3710482
THE CAREBEARS MOVIE	7110102	THE NATURAL	1649132	CABARET	4091432
RUNNING SCARED	2748052	FRIZZY HONOR	4802282	BRIGADOON	2542272
A ROOM WITH A VIEW	3615012	BLAZING SADDLES	0071482	CHINATOWN	2025202
NO WAY OUT	6550032	THE BURNING AFTER	5110362	BRAT	1866022
STAR TREK II: THE WRATH OF KHAN	2013532	SURULAR	5309052	TERMS OF ENDANGEMENT	2914262



THE PRINCESS BRIDE
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Letters

Garden Variety

To the Editors:

Your excellent article on gardening [LIVING, June 20] reminded me of a proverb: If you want to be happy for a little while, have a bottle of wine and a good meal. If you want to be happy indefinitely, marry a good woman. If you want to be happy forever, plant a garden.

William A. Simons
Lighthouse Point, Fla.



I wondered how long it would take America to realize gardening is as exciting and marvelous as sex and not nearly so dangerous. Although, of course, roses do have thorns!

Inez Suderman
McAllen, Texas

I'm getting along in years, and when the subject of exercise comes up, I tell people that I work out two to three hours just about every day. I do this in my garden. This activity, as you suggest, uses almost every muscle in my body, makes me breathe deeply and provides a lot of satisfaction. It is my health-and-fitness club.

Julius C. Deubner
Orinda, Calif.

It is hard to find paradise in the garden this summer because of the severe dryness in so much of the country.

Albert H. Bowers
Clinton, Iowa

Gardens are lovely—in someone else's yard.

Beth Scott
River Falls, Wis.

My five-year-old son chopped down my prize South African flame tree (he needed something to cut). The pocket gophers on our hillside wait until the zucchinis are full grown before dragging entire plants underground in the dead of night. The deer keep the fruit trees denuded of new growth and later gorge themselves on the products that survive the springtime

massacre. Then there's the perennial Southern California water shortage, which causes guilt with each drop expended. The joys of gardening, indeed!

Eileen Yardi
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Politics often intrudes like weeds among the thoughts of this gardener. But the miracle of a seed sprouting, coupled with the knowledge that it is going to be lettuce or a maple tree, puts the world into perspective, calms the soul, instills patience and awakens in every gardener thoughts of another season and a more beautiful future. In a garden there is always a tomorrow.

Patricia L. Hooper
Woodside, Calif.

Growing Up Presidential

In the story about the childhoods of George Bush and Michael Dukakis [NATION, June 20], you seem to suggest that Dukakis is cold because he has never talked with friends about the suicide attempt and death of his older brother Stelian. One thing I know about Greek-American families, having grown up in one, is that a primary rule is: don't talk about personal family matters to anyone who isn't a close relative. This is particularly true if one is trying to assimilate into a new culture. So don't be too hard on Dukakis for not sharing his sorrow openly.

Carolyn Arvanites Kennedy
Palo Alto, Calif.

Bush has the qualities we need: integrity, leadership, compassion for people in unfortunate circumstances, genuine diplomacy, fairness, intelligence and a self-sacrificing love of country. If he is half the person he is in his childhood, we will have the President we have been seeking.

Virginia Lorraine Crouch
New York City

Naval Defense

I take strong exception to the thesis advanced in your article [NATION, June 20] that during the Reagan years, many of the dollars paid for defense have "been dribbled away in heedless, indiscriminate spending." That assertion is categorically false. Defense budgets under President Reagan have brought this country unprecedented readiness and capability, which have helped force the Soviets to negotiate seriously the reduction of nuclear and conventional armaments. It is also erroneous to state that the Navy proposed delaying a 4.3% military pay raise as part of its effort to meet budget goals. Our most valuable defense resource is people in uniform, and the Navy is committed to doing its utmost to compensate them fairly. We are not about to bargain away a 4.3% wage increase for our excellent people.

Admiral Carlisle A.H. Trost
Chief of Naval Operations
Washington

Buy the Book

I read with interest your report about my announcement as a candidate for the presidency [NATION, June 13]. I anticipated being called a perennial candidate like Harold Stassen, but I was surprised at how perceptive you were in suggesting that I am doing this in order to sell a yet unpublished book. By the way, I haven't run for President in twelve years.

Eugene McCarthy
Woodville, Va.

Baby Deaths

The piece about mothers who kill their babies made me feel grief for the children and compassion for the mothers [BEHAVIOR, June 20]. My daughter is three years old now, but my memory of her first year is very vivid. Postpartum depression and psychosis are real and can become dangerous when the mother does not have enough help. No human being can be excused for killing an innocent baby, but attempts at understanding can lead to prevention. In most cultures, the new mother is surrounded by a large group of loving relatives who look after her needs and those of her family. For many women in America, this is only a dream. One important thing a woman can do to prepare for a new baby is to get firm commitments of time and support from family, friends and neighbors.

Sheila Fischer
San Francisco

It is outrageous to think a woman should not be held accountable for the death of her infant. Murder is murder. A mother who kills her baby should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Terry Lopes
Hyannis, Mass.

Postpartum psychosis is truly a terrible and life-threatening condition for both mother and infant. However, it is not caused by hormonal disturbance, as the story suggests. The emotional turmoil of confronting the meaning of the birth process seems to be the inciting factor. By contrast, the "baby blues" you describe probably are a physiological reaction to hormonal change and occur in at least 80% of new mothers. But the blues are short-lived, often lasting only one to two days. Unfortunately, some physicians fail to recognize that postpartum psychosis is very different from the blues and requires immediate, skilled psychiatric care.

The phenomenon of postpartum psychosis progressing to infanticide and/or suicide is not unusual, and it is wrong for American courts to imprison mothers who kill their babies. They suffer from a mental illness. It is my belief, supported by several statistical studies, that postpartum psychosis occurs mainly in people who are genetically prone to manic-depressive illness. Since we have treatment

Letters

readily available for this condition, afflicted mothers can be assured of effective and rapid help. A final point: those of us who have been studying these dreadful instances of mothers killing their babies have become convinced that the incidence of infanticide is enormously greater than the few cases that are reported.

*Stuart S. Asch, M.D., Professor
Clinical Psychiatry, New York Hospital-
Cornell Medical Center
New York City*

Legalizing Pleasure Drugs

Michael Kinsley's article on the pleasures of getting high on drugs, including alcohol, makes no sense [ESSAY, June 6]. In response to pro-legalizers who insist that other drugs are no worse than alcohol, he states that "almost all drinkers indulge their habit in moderation, with no harmful effect." It is estimated that one in ten drinkers in this country is an alcoholic, scarcely an example of moderation. You cannot claim that alcohol is a safe drug for almost all.

*Lisa Haltunen
Plainfield, N.J.*

Kinsley is wrong when he argues that legalized marijuana could lead drug users away from more damaging substances. Legalized alcohol has not ended our pot problem, and legalized marijuana could never end our greater drug difficulties.

*Alexander D. Malich
Monroeville, Pa.*

Star Struck

What's all the fuss about astrology in the White House [NATION, May 16]? I don't think you presented the case fairly. I am not a supporter of the Reagans, but it certainly doesn't trouble me that they use astrology to plan their schedules. It's not superstitious to believe that the same type of forces controlling the daily tides would exert some influence over other aspects of nature as well.

*Jacqueline C. Whyte
South Hamilton, Mass.*

Korean Protests

The government of South Korea should take a different approach and encourage the students demanding a conference with their North Korean counterparts [WORLD, June 20]. The young people who want reunification should be allowed to visit the North and experience for themselves the repressive regime and the xenophobic attitude that exist there.

*(The Rev.) Robert M. Belles
Roswell, N. Mex.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.



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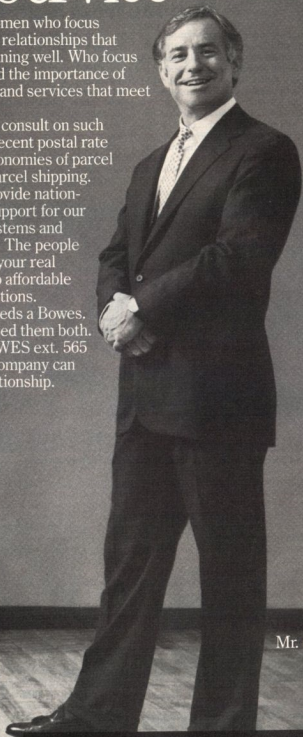
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American Scene

Hoboes from High-Rent Districts

On a dusty stretch of track outside Colton, Calif., a railroad bull confronted three rumpled men about to hop a stalled desert-bound freight. "Turn around," ordered the policeman, resting one hand menacingly on his gun. Frisking the hoboes, the lawman squinted in disbelief: their driver's licenses bore upscale California addresses in West Los Angeles, Marin County and Palm Springs. "Beverly Glen Boulevard?" the policeman demanded of one robust tramp wearing suspenders and carrying a Swiss army knife. "What is this?"

don's time," says Hopkins, who first hopped a freight during his student acting days to attend his grandfather's 90th birthday. "Each trip has edginess, adventure and beauty." Hopkins and his companions are headed for Yuma, Ariz., a wintertime hobo haven along the Colorado River. Since the bull had promised 30 days in jail and a \$2,000 fine if further annoyed, everyone hid, returning well after midnight to catch the train. They succeeded, but with difficulty. Comfortable boxcars are giving way to sealed containerized loads. The riders settled for a chilly flatcar under a heav-

some to buy day-old meat and vegetables. His stew takes two hours, but a grateful hobo once told him, "I ain't had such a meal since I was on my mother's breast."

Some hobbyists enjoy the strange mix of oddly dignified and unsavory characters found in a flip-side world. Others like the colorful road names and don't-look-back life-style. Hopkins is "Santa Fe Bo." Tudor Williams is "Wanderin' Wills." Real hoboes they know include a man named "Wild, Wild Wes," who rides with a crow perched on his shoulder, and "Pep-sodent Pete," who quit dentistry for the rails. Then there are those who may be starting the life. Thad ("Thunder") Thornton, 22, sits by the Colorado River and talks of being a late child of parents who died early. "I'm not so lonely out here," he says quietly. Thornton left Tulsa last October, aiming to get a Mohawk haircut, see America and eventually settle down as a policeman. So far, he has accomplished the first two goals.

Hoboes first established a niche in American history when Civil War veterans rode West looking for work. Thousands of real hoboes continue riding, including illegal aliens and men running from the law. They constantly exchange weather advisories, news of police activity and bulletins on available work. Jungles often have chairs, kitchenware and neat stone-edged fireplaces. One even has the beginnings of a library, a copy of Saul Bellow's *Henderson the Rain King* resting on a rail spike driven into a tree.

After a restless night in a patch of salt cedar scrub near the westbound line, home and family beckon. The three grimy hobo-hobbyists trek to the old Yuma prison for some middle-class sightseeing. Well-groomed tourists stare uncomfortably. Afterward, westbound freights are said to brake for a curve and easy boarding just past the Colorado River. Eight hours later, when the tourists are having dinner, the hobo-hobbyists are still waiting for a slow freight.

The backup strategy requires sneaking near the rail yard to board in darkness. Railroad police are everywhere with spotlights. No sleep again. Just after midnight they find a grain car with a narrow porch. Twenty minutes later, the freight pauses to add an engine, and aliens from the Mexican border clamber aboard frantically. Finally, the clickety-clack commences for the last time. A hobbyist road-named the "Gentle Giant" defines this moment. "You face nature, and the train is your friend," he says. "All your senses are alive. You'll love your wife, your children and your home better." Three weary faces framed in a sunrise breaking behind the westbound freight seem to agree. —By James Willwerth/
temporarily aboard the Southern Pacific



Bobb Hopkins, right, dining with wife and friends in California freight yard

Welcome to the eccentric world of recreational hoboeing. The tramp from Beverly Glen is Actor Bobb Hopkins, 39, founder of the National Hobo Association. He drives a Mercedes and until recently lived near affluent Century City in Los Angeles. On the road he carries a secret credit card, which he used once to fly home for a role. Hopkins' companions are a Palm Springs horse breeder and a journalist. Across America, weekend hoboes include a Connecticut schoolmarm, a Florida minister, a Washington State college professor, even a Denver shopping center developer who hops freights to find remote fishing spots. They are among some 500 weekend rail riders on Hopkins' home computer and part of the 2,000-member association, which also publishes a newsletter. Not surprisingly, the railroads are appalled. In January the Association of American Railroads labeled the hobbyists part of a "dangerous trend." They cite 1987 "trespassing" statistics that report 582 deaths and 673 serious injuries.

But for hobbyists, danger is part of the scenario. "You step back into Jack Lon-

ing truck, leaving Colton amid a terrifying anvil chorus of wheels, cars and couplings stressing and whining. But a neophyte's raw nerves are soon lulled by the classic rhythms of clickety-clack, as he crawls into a warm sleeping bag to enjoy a moonlit panorama of passing desert and mountains unmarred by highway billboards.

Approaching Yuma at midmorning, the freight slows to a crawl to accommodate track workers laying ties. Fearful the workers will throw rocks, a constant terror, the riders hide and jump off in a remote rail yard. Campground "jungles" located in trackside patches of scrub and a riverside park for relaxing and washing clothes are nearby. A notable addition to the hobo community this weekend is Tudor Williams, 44, former chef to Movie Director Steven Spielberg. A tramp's poem recommends making mulligan stew by putting "Whatever you've got / In the pot / Heat it 'til it's hot / Eat it." Williams improves on the formula. He keeps a store of spice packets from fast-food stands and collects money from hoboes who have

Critics' Choice

THEATER

MIRACOLO D'AMORE.

Clowns and choruses, nudes and birdsong enliven Martha Clarke's surreal fantasy of love and violence, off-Broadway.

AH, WILDERNESS! Jason Robards and Colleen Dewhurst perform to Broadway perfection in Eugene O'Neill's only comedy and, in repertory, his tragic *Long Day's Journey into Night*.

TELEVISION

AMERICAN MASTERS (PBS, debuting July 11, 9 p.m. on most stations). The spotlight is on Lillian Gish in the first of this season's profiles. Upcoming in the eight weeks following: Duke Ellington, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the Algonquin Round Table.

AN EMPIRE OF REASON (PBS, July 13, 10 p.m. on most stations). The big guns of TV news

report on the battle to ratify the Constitution as if it were a breaking story. Walter Cronkite anchors for the "Continental Television Network," and William F. Buckley Jr. and Phil Donahue do their thing.

NEWHART (CBS, Mondays, 9 p.m. EDT). One of the season's best comedy series makes for some of the funniest summer reruns. On the July 11 episode: Larry, Darryl and Darryl as adoptive dads.

CINEMA

COMMISSAR. A tough officer of the Soviet army gets pregnant and, in the company of a Jewish family, finds humanity. This brave, Soviet-made parable was banned for 20 years. Its liberation is *glasnost's* greatest gift to movies.

BULL DURHAM. A "natural" ballplayer (Tim Robbins) is a natural disaster to his coaches in the arts of baseball (Kevin

Costner) and love (Susan Sarandon). But all are fun to watch: plenty of smart talk, laughs and warm sex.

BIG. A twelve-year-old makes a wish to be big—and wakes up the next day as Tom Hanks in a delightful comedy-fantasy about youth and age, and the differences between them.

MUSIC

JOHN CAFFERTY & THE BEAVER BROWN BAND: ROADHOUSE (Scotti Brothers). A sure cure for the summertime blues. Exalted variations on the kind of tunes that you can hear floating out the open door of any boardwalk joint on any muggy night.

KEITH JARRETT TRIO: STILL LIVE (ECM). Ravishing standards like *Come Rain or Come Shine* and upbeat thrillers like Charlie Parker's *Billie's Bounce*: dazzling jazz piano from one of the best.

BOB DYLAN: DOWN IN THE GROOVE (Columbia). Not a major statement from our most generative songwriter, but a raspy and relaxed session with four originals as well as some surprising remakes (*Silvio*, *Death Is Not the End*, *Rank Strangers to Me*).

BOOKS

SPENCE + LILA by Bobbie Ann Mason (Harper & Row; \$12.95). The author of *Shiloh* and *Other Stories* offers up a love story—about a Kentucky farmer and his ailing wife—so pure and enduring that it might have been carved with a jackknife on an old oak.

OSCAR AND LUCINDA by Peter Carey (Harper & Row; \$18.95). An Australian novelist turns in a shimmering fantasy of gambling and glassmaking, held together by the struts of 19th century history and the mullions of painstaking detail.

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Milestones

BORN. To **Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg**, 30, daughter of the 35th President and recent graduate of Columbia University's school of law, and her husband **Edwin Schlossberg**, 42, author and designer of museum exhibits: their first child, a daughter; in New York City. Name: Rose Kennedy (in honor of Caroline's 97-year-old grandmother). Weight: 7 lbs. 12 oz. The baby is the first grandchild for Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

CANDIDACY DECLARED. By **Patrick Kennedy**, 20, youngest child of Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy, for the House of Representatives from Rhode Island's Ninth District; in Providence, Kennedy, who will be a junior at Providence College this fall, will challenge Representative John M. Skeffington Jr. in a September primary. He thus becomes the youngest member of his clan ever to run for public office.

VICTORIOUS. **Mike Tyson**, 22, heavyweight boxing champ who knocked out Challenger Michael Spinks 91 seconds into their ballyhooed bout; in Atlantic City. The honor of losing to Tyson earned Spinks \$148,351 per sec., while the champ collected \$22 million for his night's work. Tyson later confided to the *New York Post* that he was "burned out" and said, "As of today, I am retired."

SUED. **Marvin Mitchelson**, 60, celebrity divorce lawyer whose clientele has included Joan Collins and Bianca Jagger; by Los Angeles Interior Designer Kristen Barrett-Whitney; on charges of assault and failure to return a \$25,000 legal retainer; in Santa Monica, Calif. The California Bar Association also accused Mitchelson of failing to return fees to clients who fired him. Mitchelson has denied all charges against him.

SUIT DROPPED. By **Kurt Waldheim**, 69, President of Austria, who last year filed slander charges against World Jewish Congress President Edgar Bronfman after Bronfman called him "part and parcel of the Nazi killing machine"; in Vienna. The President's spokesman said Waldheim was withdrawing the action in an attempt "to contribute to calming down and reconciliation," and because the U.S. Justice Department had refused him legal assistance in the case.

DIED. **Mildred ("Axis Sally") Gillars**, 87, a languorous-voiced radio propagandist for Nazi Germany who tried to sap American soldiers' fighting spirit; in Columbus. When World War II broke out, Gillars, then teaching English in Berlin, went to work for the Nazis. Her *Home, Sweet Home* program, an insinuating blend of big-band hits, nostalgia and anti-Semitism, was beamed to U.S. troops in Europe and North Africa. Arrested by the American military in Berlin after the war and convicted of treason in 1949, she served twelve years in prison.

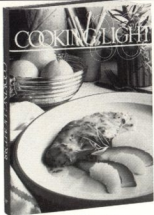
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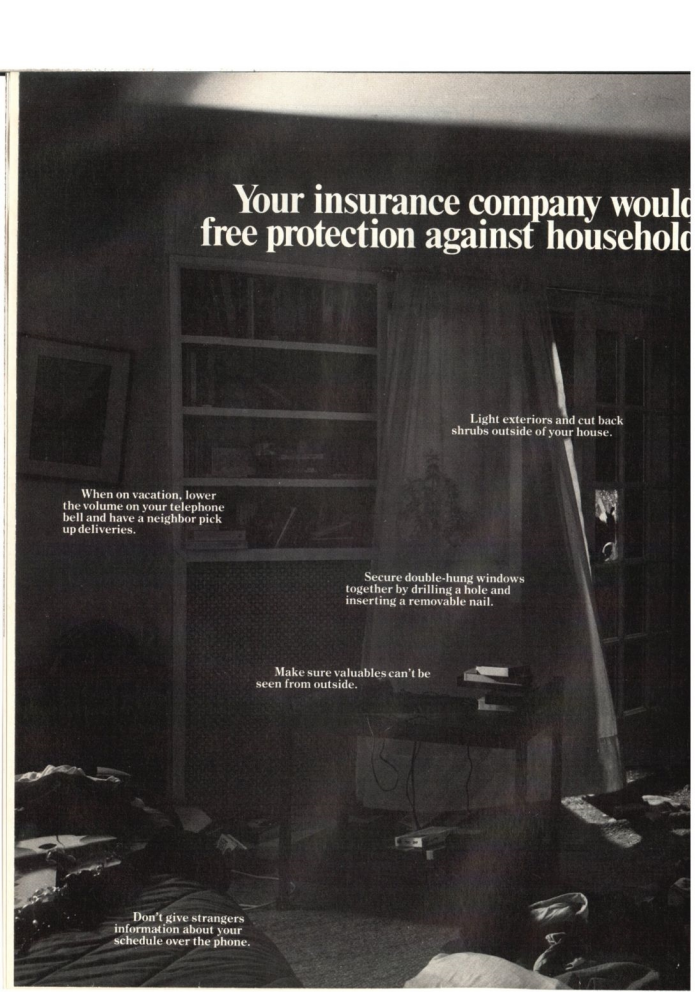


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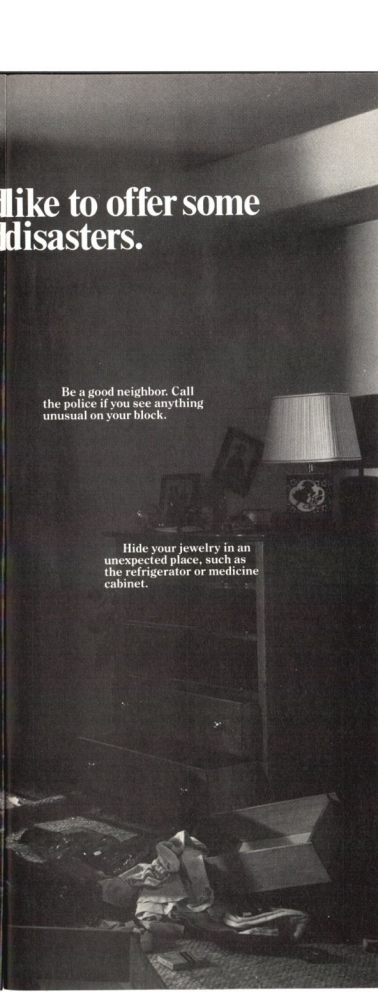
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Make sure valuables can't be seen from outside.

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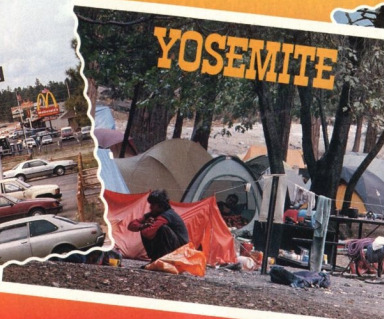
EXPERIENCE the sublime in Yosemite National Park, nature's cathedral in the Sierras. And on holiday weekends, see more of your fellowman than you would in midtown Manhattan

GRAND CANYON

HELICOPTER TOURS



YOSEMITE



Nation

TIME/JULY 11, 1988

Ah, Wilderness!

America's parks have become too popular for their own good

Listen to the call of the wild: the whistle of hawks and the whir of helicopters. The growl of grizzlies and the groans of chain saws. Gaze upon the glories of nature: fleet-footed antelope and wide-wheeled ATVs. Towering mountains and low-slung condominiums. Packs of wolves and parades of Winnebagos.

Once, visitors to the Grand Canyon could see mountains a hundred miles distant; now the air can be so smoggy that it is hard to make out the opposite rim. Once, Yosemite offered respite from civilization's excess; on Memorial Day a major entrance to the park had to be closed because of a traffic jam.

The national parks have been likened to America's crown jewels, repositories of

majesty and beauty passed from one generation to the next. But as development and tourism have grown, these heirlooms are becoming shopworn. "There never has been so much pressure on parks as today," says Paul Pritchard, a former Interior Department official who is now president of the National Parks and Conservation Association. The General Accounting Office reported this spring that the parks need an immediate \$1.9 billion to repair roads, trails and buildings. "Deterioration of some assets is so advanced that they may be lost permanently," GAO stated. Among the worst cases:

► Pollution, increasing salinity and encroaching farms and housing developments have reduced the wading-bird pop-

ulation in Florida's Everglades National Park by 90%, down from 2.5 million in the 1930s to 250,000 now. Thousands of acres in the "River of Grass" have been contaminated by pesticides from agricultural runoff.

► Yellowstone National Park is ringed by oil and gas drilling, timber clear-cutting and road building, jeopardizing its wildlife and geothermal geyser system. The Guru Ma religious cult is building a world headquarters for 600 plus disciples on a ranch abutting the park's northern border.

► Yosemite National Park is plagued by traffic jams and overcrowding. Logging, road building and vacation homes on nearby land are affecting the grazing

ENJOY the beautiful Blue Ridge Parkway near Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Never mind that trees are dying from pollution; few visitors leave their cars

The Great Smoky Mountains

DISCOVER how animals can interact with humans at Yellowstone National Park. Snacks aren't good for groundhogs either, but the park rangers are too busy to enforce all the rules

YELLOWSTONE



and migration patterns of park animals. ▶ Uranium mining on the edge of the Grand Canyon National Park creates a threat that flash floods might wash radioactive debris into the park's water sources. Some 50,000 small plane and helicopter flights a year for tourists have turned the place into a flying circus, prompting federal authorities to consider limits on low-flying aircraft.

▶ The groundwater at Kentucky's Mammoth Cave National Park, the largest underground system in the world, is being contaminated by local sewage disposal. The park, which has 1.6 million annual visitors and is the most heavily used facility in the Midwest, often runs out of parking spaces.

Last year 287 million visitors tramped, trekked, drove, wandered or flew through America's 341 national parks. The tourist population has nearly doubled since 1971, and could jump to 500 million by 2010. Current facilities cannot handle the crush. Use has also brought abuse: people may visit the parks to get away from it all, but they bring civilization's discontents with them. Popular parks spend more than half their budgets on chores like garbage patrols and bathroom maintenance.

But misguided policy, not guided visitors, constitutes the gravest threat. Owing in part to the oil crisis of the late 1970s, Washington has encouraged strip mining, oil exploration and commercial

development on the edges of many parks. Timber cutting next to Olympic National Park in Washington State has reduced the area's forest from 689,871 acres in 1959 to 106,000 acres today. "Trees in the forest are cut down to the edge of the park," says Wilderness Society President George Frampton. The Reagan Administration has authorized very little money for purchases of park land. In 1978 the budget was \$681 million; for 1989 the Administration has requested \$17 million.

Development is dangerous, contends Frampton, because the parks are part of ecological systems extending beyond set boundaries. Animals, Frampton suggests, do not follow dotted lines. "We don't object to logging on the edge of the parks just because we love trees," he says. "We object because it changes the natural conditions within the park."

The Park Service, for its part, maintains that deterioration is a myth. The lands "are in better shape than they were ten years ago," says Director William Penn Mott. The Interior Department, which operates the Park Service, is still motivated by the philosophy of former Interior Secretary James Watt that the parks are for the people—and if the people want extra bathrooms, fast food and motels, so be it. It is only elitists, Watt

used to say, who have the time and money to tiptoe through the tall grass, hearkening to birdcalls. He demonstrated his point by roaring through Yellowstone on a snowmobile.

Minnesota Democrat Bruce Vento, chairman of the House Subcommittee on National Parks and Public Lands, contends that the Park Service has been commandeered by the political appointees of Watt and current Interior Secretary Donald Hodel. He has introduced legislation to create a separate and independent National Park Service with a director who would be a presidential appointee, subject to Senate scrutiny and confirmation. The bill, which has 90 co-sponsors, has a good chance of passing.

New law will not restore the parks to the purity of Eden nor halt the waves of people pressing in on them. "Preservation involves two paradoxes," writes Alston Chase, author of *Playing God in Yellowstone: The Destruction of America's First National Park*. "We can restore and sustain the appearance of undisturbed wilderness only by admitting that undisturbed wilderness no longer exists." Watt was right that the parks cannot be preserved like museum pieces under glass. But without better management, they risk becoming lessons in how quickly man can use up a continent.

—By Richard Stengel.
Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington and Pat Dawson/Yellowstone, with other bureaus

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM LEE—GEO. SMITH/ROBERTS; YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

"This case does not involve an attempt by Congress to increase its own powers at the expense of the Executive Branch."

—REHNQUIST, IN MAJORITY



"It deeply wounds the President, by substantially reducing his ability to protect himself and his staff."

—SCALIA, DISSENTING



"A Slam-Dunk Decision"

The court proves again that it will not do a President's bidding

After naming a Chief Justice and three Associates to the Supreme Court, Ronald Reagan can hardly complain that it is not to his liking. But last week the court proved again how frustratingly independent it can be, decisively upholding the special prosecutors who have bedeviled Reagan's second term. In the process, it also cleared the way for the upcoming trials of the Iran-*contra* Four: Oliver North, John Poindexter, Richard Secord and Albert Hakim. Says Michigan Democratic Senator Carl Levin, who sponsored the independent-counsel legislation: "It's a slam-dunk decision."

The prosecutors could have been the ones who got slammed and dunked. If the court had overturned the 1978 Ethics in Government Act, it would have reversed the perjury conviction of former Reagan Aide Michael Deaver, who was prosecuted by Independent Counsel Whitney North Seymour Jr. But what really had Washington holding its breath was the prospect that a reversal might put into question evidence collected by Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh in the first months of his Iran-*contra* investigation, before he took a backup appointment from the Justice Department. The ruling also frees Prosecutor James McKay, who earlier obtained a conviction of former White House Aide Lyn Nofziger, to release the report on his investigation into Attorney General Edwin Meese III.

The court's 7-to-1 vote was a sweeping repudiation of the White House position that the constitutional principle of separation of powers requires an Executive free of nearly all constraint by the other two branches of Government. So much the worse that the ruling was written by Chief Justice William Rehnquist, the man Reagan had chosen for the court's top job. "I'm sure someone [in the Administration] is thinking the word ingratitude," says University of Virginia Law Professor A.E. Dick Howard. Asked

about the ruling, Reagan only shrugged. "Nothing's changed," he said.

The decision came in the most obscure of the current investigations, the inquiry into whether Assistant Attorney General Theodore Olson gave false testimony to Congress in 1983 in a dispute concerning the Environmental Protection Agency. Olson, supported by the Justice Department, had argued that the law violated the separation-of-powers principle by providing for independent counsel to be chosen by a special three-judge court. The broad scope of special prosecutors' powers, he contended, made them "principal officers" that the Constitution says only the President may appoint. In January, a federal appeals panel that heard his case overturned the law.

But in his ruling Rehnquist noted that

the law gives the Executive Branch a measure of control in the selection process, for instance, by allowing the Attorney General to decide when special prosecutors are required and whether to dismiss them for "good cause." For that reason, Rehnquist held, independent counsel is one of the "inferior officers" that the Constitution says Congress may allow department heads or judges to appoint.

The lone dissenter was Justice Antonin Scalia, who took the unusual step of summarizing his dissent aloud. In a lengthy argument that contained an acid reference to "our former constitutional system," he suggested that even the slightest diminution of Executive power by Congress is unconstitutional. If the Executive Branch cannot be trusted to investigate itself, he asserted, the voters and not Congress should remedy the situation.

The frustration in Scalia's tone was one sign of the ambiguous results of Reagan's effort to nudge the high bench to

Still Sweet 16

The U.S. is one of a handful of nations that permit the death penalty for offenders who committed crimes before the age of 18. Only three juvenile killers have been executed since the Supreme Court restored the death penalty in 1976, but 29 remain on death row. This term, the court was expected to settle the question of whether the Constitution forbids such executions by considering the case of William Wayne Thompson, 21, an Oklahoma inmate who was 15 when he helped murder his former brother-in-law.

When the decision came down last week, however, the result was less clear cut. Four Justices—Blackmun, Brennan, Marshall and Stevens—ruled that the constitutional ban on cruel and unusual punishment forbids capital punishment for any offenders who committed their crimes before reaching 16. Three others—Rehnquist, Scalia and White—said the Constitution posed no such barrier. Justice Kennedy did not participate.

The decisive vote came from Justice O'Connor, who ruled narrowly that Oklahoma could not carry out such executions because the state had never specified a minimum age in its death-penalty law. O'Connor stopped short of ruling on whether juvenile executions would be constitutional even in states that expressly permit them. That saved Thompson, but it left the larger issue at a standstill. The court has promised to review the question next year when it considers the cases of two other inmates on death row for crimes committed as juveniles.

Nation

Breaking a Devil's Pact

This time a crusade against Teamsters corruption might win

the right. In the term just ended, the Justices sent out mixed signals on everything from privacy rights to criminal law. Consider some of last week's other notable decisions:

► In a major civil rights ruling that brushed aside Administration objections, the Justices decided, 8 to 0, that a lower court had been wrong in preventing a black former bank employee from using statistics to prove that she was the victim of racial discrimination in the bank's promotion practices. As a result, plaintiffs in employment discrimination suits may now point to the number of women or minorities at a workplace or in higher-ranking jobs as evidence that "subjective" employer judgments, like a supervisor's evaluations, had a discriminatory result.

► The court, 6 to 3, upheld a Brookfield, Wis., city ordinance that forbids picketing of individual residences. Writing for the majority, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor said the law, which was passed after right-to-life demonstrators began picketing the home of a physician who performs abortions, serves the significant Government interest of protecting residential privacy. But at the same time, O'Connor distinguished the ordinance from a prohibition against "general marching through the neighborhood." The antiabortion group has vowed to do just that.

► The Justices gave qualified approval to providing federal money to religious groups that counsel teenage girls against premarital sex and abortion. But they also found that some groups receiving the money had violated the separation of church and state by mixing religious doctrine into their counseling. Writing for a 5-to-4 majority, Rehnquist ruled that in such instances the solution would not be to overturn the law but to disqualify the particular groups.

Thus ended a record of decisions that left disquiet on right and left. "There's some kind of transition going on," says Ricki Seidman of liberal lobbying group People for the American Way. "There is a lot of fuzziness around the edges." Says Daniel Popeo of the conservative Washington Legal Foundation: "We're looking for the Supreme Court to answer some very hard questions that have to be confronted directly."

The court may be more conservative when it returns in October. Justice Anthony Kennedy, who did not take part in many recent decisions, will be present from the start. Next fall the three most liberal members of the court, William Brennan, Thurgood Marshall and Harry Blackmun, will all be in their 80s. Byron White is rumored to be thinking of retirement. Once again interest groups in Washington are proclaiming how important the November election will be in shaping the future of the court—just as many of them had said in 1980 and 1984. This time, they are probably right.

—By Richard Lacayo.

Reported by Steven Holmes/Washington

"He was ridiculed. He was vilified. He was hated irrationally—but he was right." With that paeon to Robert Kennedy and his long battle against the crime-ridden leadership of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani took on the task that has stymied Kennedy and other prosecutors for the past 30 years. Giuliani, however, comes to the fight armed with a powerful weapon.

Last week in New York City, he unveiled a far-reaching civil lawsuit, charging 26 reputed mobsters and the Teamsters' 18 top executives with making a "devil's pact" to subvert the nation's largest union. Filed under the Racketeer-Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act, the suit aims to oust the union's entire leadership, replacing it with a court-appointed trustee who will supervise the "free and fair" election of a new executive board.

Earlier prosecutors were forced to fight the union's corruption by charging individual leaders with specific crimes: Teamsters President Jackie Presser, for example, is under indictment for racketeering and embezzlement, and past Presidents Dave Beck, Jimmy Hoffa and Roy Williams all went to jail. RICO frees the Justice Department to take action against an entire institution. Building on more than 300 convictions of Teamsters and union-related Mob figures since 1970, the lawsuit portrays the leadership of the 1.6 million-member union as a front for the Mafia. Organized crime, charged Giuliani, "has deprived union members of their rights through a pattern of racketeering that includes 20 murders, a number of shootings, bombings, beatings, a campaign of fear, bribery, extortion, theft and misuse of union funds."

Weldon Mathis, the union's acting president while Presser is hospitalized with brain cancer, called the suit "a shameful attempt to destroy a democratic union." Several public officials also criticized the potentially dangerous precedent. Republican Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah said a move by the Government to take over a union "smacks of totalitarianism." Senator Paul Simon of Illinois, a Democrat, was also wary. "I think we're getting on very, very thin ice here," he said.

Giuliani counters that restoring democracy to the union is precisely the Government's plan. But Ken Paff, national organizer for the reform group Teamsters for a Democratic Union, believes the answer isn't a trusteeship but an open, supervised election. "Our people will vote no if given the chance," he says.

Although the Reagan Administration professed enthusiasm for the Teamsters suit, the announcement caused some embarrassment. The Teamsters endorsed the Reagan-Bush ticket in both 1980 and 1984. Presser was named an adviser to the 1980 Reagan transition team, headed by none other than Edwin Meese III. "Had this information been available at the time," Attorney General Meese said last week, "President Reagan... would obviously not have accepted that kind of support." But evidence of the Teamsters' pact with the devil was known well before 1980. As the report of the President's Commission on Organized Crime points out, "Jackie Presser had... an extensive record of organized-crime associations through organizations that were infested with La Cosa Nostra associates and convicted felons."

—By Laurence Zuckerman.
Reported by Raji Sanghabadi/
New York and Elaine Shannon/
Washington

THE HALL OF SHAME



DAVE BECK
income tax evasion



JIMMY HOFFA
jury tampering

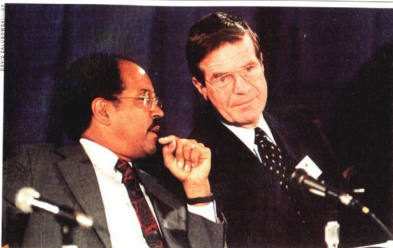


ROY WILLIAMS
bribery



JACKIE PRESSER
racketeering indictment

Nation



Building party unity: Congressman Bill Gray, the drafting-committee chairman, and Sorensen

Reading Between the Lines

The Democratic platform is a model of vagueness and pragmatism

With surprising harmony, the Democrats all but completed drafting their platform last week. The relatively brief, 3,500-word document (the elephantine 1984 version was 40,000 words) signals a sharp break with the party's promise-them-anything past. This time there are no bold pledges to match earlier advocacy of guaranteed jobs (1972) and national health insurance (1980). Gone too is the usual laundry list of narrow causes like the 1984 vow to "eliminate ethnic stereotyping." The 1988 platform may be purposely vague, but there are hidden subtexts beneath the soporific rhetoric.

"The Restoration of Competence and Hope"

The awkward title says it all: the platform tries to meld the "competence" of Michael Dukakis with the "hope" conveyed by Jesse Jackson. "Restoration" can be seen as a small bow to the platform's author, Theodore Sorensen, who was John Kennedy's speechwriter. Sorensen's secret: exhausting run-on sentences that cleverly mask meaning with their painful paucity of verbs.

"We believe that it is time for America, within a strong commitment to fiscal responsibility ... to ... reinvest in its people, to invest in new priorities ... in lifelong education and training ... in targeted economic development ... [in] rebuilt American infrastructure and public facilities."

Read invest as the new Democratic code word for spend; rarely have so many potentially budget-busting programs been separated by so little punctuation. Dukakis is the apostle of "targeted economic development," while Jackson has stressed creating public service jobs to rebuild America's "infrastructure."

The platform neglects to explain how "fiscal responsibility" might be achieved. But Jackson is likely to wage a convention floor fight on this point to insert a pledge to raise the taxes of the wealthy. Dukakis' likely response: "Go ahead, make my day."

"We believe that America needs more trade, fair trade, an administration willing ... to better manage our trade in order to export more American goods and fewer American jobs."

Trade was the hottest issue in the early primaries, and here in one sentence are three seemingly contradictory Democratic proposals. Follow the bouncing ball from "more trade" (Dukakis) to "fair trade" (Richard Gephardt) to halting the export of "American jobs" (Jackson).

"We believe that equal access to government services, employment, housing, business enterprise and education should be assured in this multicultural society to every citizen regardless of race, sex, national origin, religion, age, handicapping condition or sexual orientation."

Some things never change, such as the Democrats' compulsion to list in encyclopedic detail all the forms of bias they abhor. A safe bet: the social-science buzz word multicultural will not appear in the G.O.P. platform.

"We believe that all Americans should enjoy access to affordable, comprehensive health care ... from well-baby care ... to Medicare ... [and] quality affordable long-term home and health care for senior citizens ... must be a top priority."

This is one of the few parts of the platform that clearly reflect special-interest pressures. Long-term care for

the elderly is a pet cause of the American Association of Retired Persons; critics claim that an A.A.R.P.-backed bill that recently failed in the House would have ultimately cost as much as \$30 billion a year. Well-baby care is a sop to Jackson, who may mount a floor fight for a more explicit plank promising to double the \$3.6 billion a year spent on pregnant women and infants.

"We believe [in] ... encouraging the use of our vast natural gas and coal reserves while aggressively developing clean-coal technology to combat acid rain, and providing targeted new incentives for new oil and gas drilling."

From coal (Kentucky and West Virginia) to oil and gas (Texas and Louisiana), the Democrats are telegraphing their willingness to battle the G.O.P. in catering to the energy-producing South. And lest we forget, acid rain was a major issue in the New Hampshire primary.

"We believe in a clear-headed, tough-minded, decisive American foreign policy that will reflect the changing nature of threats to our security."

Those macho compound adjectives (clear-headed, tough-minded) are designed to combat the perception that Democrats are weak on foreign policy. But polls show that voters worry about foreign economic challenges as well as military ones. "The changing nature of threats to our security" reflects these fears of job loss, which Dukakis is likely to play to in the fall campaign.

"[We] further believe that our national strength will be enhanced by more stable defense budgets."

The Jackson forces wanted to freeze Pentagon spending; they settled for what seemed an analogous promise of budget stability. But note the tricky hedge phrase "more stable." Just the difference between a totally stable defense budget and one that is adjusted for inflation could run to \$30 billion over five years.

"[We] believe that this country ... should provide new leadership to deliver the promise of peace and security through negotiations that has been held out to Israel and its neighbors by the Camp David Accords and to Central America by the Arias Peace Plan."

Sorensen artfully skirts Democratic differences over Nicaragua and the Middle East by combining them in a confusing, parse-this-if-you-dare sentence. The divisive Palestinian problem is not even mentioned by name; it is subsumed under the geographic vagueness of "Israel and its neighbors." That is how party unity is created: with code words, vapid rhetoric and some of the most intricate syntax since William Faulkner's.

—By Walter Shapiro.
Reported by Michael Duffy/Denver



IT'S NOT PLAIN TO HIM.

These days Dannon lowfat and non-fat plain yogurts are turning up in some of the most discriminating kitchens. They're replacing things like mayonnaise and sour cream to make all kinds of savory dishes lower in fat and calories — not to mention as much as twenty times lower in cholesterol. For a book full of recipes using Dannon plain yogurts in ways that are anything but plain, send \$2.00 to P.O. Box 8662, North Suburban, IL 60169-8662.*

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Five Friends in a Car

A minor accident spirals tragically into robbery and death

Like many teenagers on a Friday night, James Cooney needed a car to pick up his girlfriend. He borrowed his good friend Barry Bootan's father's Chevrolet, banged it into a pole and racked up \$900 worth of body damage. To come up with the money, the two New York City prep school graduates hatched a bizarre robbery scheme. Over the next 48 hours, youngsters who had never been in trouble played out every parent's nightmare. A minor scrape gave way to panic, then to terror. At last judgment vanished. At the end, Cooney, 18, was dead, and four other lives lay in ruins.

Frantic to get the car repaired before Bootan's father returned from a weekend fishing trip, Cooney and Bootan, 18, called three other classmates from Fordham Prep, a Jesuit school from which they were graduated on June 3. About 1 a.m. last Sunday, the five headed off in Jason Katanic's mother's Chrysler with three ski masks and a .22-cal. rifle. They drove to a late-night grocery, where Cooney held up the owner for \$140. Buoyed by their success, the boys rode around looking for someone else to rob, shooting out the windows of about six empty cars before pulling alongside an auto parked on a deserted street with a couple inside.

Cooney leaned out the window of the

Chrysler, pointed the rifle in the driver's face and demanded his wallet. He then fired two shots into the side of the car, and the boys' luck ran out. The driver turned out to be an off-duty policeman. Ducking down, the officer drew his .38 pistol, stuck it out the window and fired five times.



Katanic and Bootan in court; Cooney
All were headed to college in the fall.



At least one shot hit Cooney square in the face. Four more bullets strafed the Chrysler as it sped away. Cooney dying in the front seat.

Still thinking a cover-up possible, the panicked boys dumped Cooney's body in thick weeds and pledged one another to secrecy. They burned one boy's blood-stained clothing and somehow managed to get a replacement for the bullet-pocked rear window of the Chrysler. For almost

three days, the boys acted as if nothing had happened, silent even in the face of Cooney's disappearance. Then Bootan told his girlfriend, who notified police. Bootan and Katanic were arrested on charges of armed robbery, attempted robbery and attempted murder. Brendon Moynihan, 16, and Danny Florio, 17, who reportedly cowered on the floor of the back seat, jackets over their heads during the robberies, have not yet been charged.

Horrible deeds done by good people prompt the most difficult questions. How did efforts to get a car fixed spiral into robbery and death, had decisions made at every turn? Nothing about Cooney or his friends suggested they were capable of reckless, murderous behavior. So far, drinking and drugs do not appear to be a factor. Three of the boys came from working-class families who struggled to pay the \$3,225 tuition at a strict private school where Catholic, not premarital, is the defining sensibility. Cooney was the stepson of a police officer. Katanic's widowed mother is a clerical worker. All five boys were headed to college in the fall.

Fordham Headmaster Cornelius McCarthy is baffled as to how good kids could go so far wrong so fast. "James Patrick Cooney was a happy-go-lucky kid, confident of himself," Cooney, perhaps cocksure. Away from the protection of adults, Cooney and his friends indulged the illusion they were exempt from death and other mortal coils, as the young tend to do, this time to a deadly end. —By Margaret Carlson
Reported by Edward W. Desmond/New York

Grapevine

So long, it's been good to know ya. Attorney General Edwin Meese will be gone before the Democratic Convention, Bush sources hope. He'll resign just as soon as he has had a chance to mount a face-saving p.r. offensive against the impending report from Independent Counsel James McKay.

Gender swipe. Texas State Treasurer Ann Richards, an excellent speaker with a biting wit, will keynote the Democratic Convention as living proof that gender is a Bush, not a Dukakis, hang-up. She will also stake her claim as a real Texan, not one whose "residence" is a Houston hotel.

Richards' Republican counterpart is New Jersey Governor Thomas Kean, a moderate who has already stirred up the kind of trouble usually reserved for Democratic conventions. New Hampshire Senator Gordon Humphrey has threatened a walkout during Kean's speech (Kean is against a constitutional ban on abortion) unless an antiabortion speaker is given equal time.

Florida, or your money back. Allies of Senator Bob Graham's are guarantee-

ing delivery of Florida if their guy is on the Democratic ticket. They have even paid for a poll that shows Dukakis-Graham taking the critical state by a comfortable 10-point margin.

Author, author! Speaker Jim Wright's nemesis Newt Gingrich has an ethical problem of his own. Democrat David Worley, hoping to win Gingrich's Georgia congressional seat, totes a blank book to campaign stops. The title: *What I Did on My Summer Vacation*, by Newt Gingrich. It refers to the European trip Gingrich and his family took to do "research," using a \$13,000 advance for a book he never wrote.

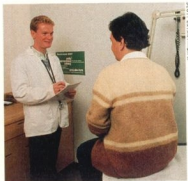
Designated hatchet. His disdain for Dukakis is deep enough to make Ronald Reagan this campaign's perfect hatchet man. The President "is eager to do it," says a Bush aide. Last week he upped Bush's anti-Duke epithet "Brookline liberal" to "true liberal."

"[He is] the kind of guy who wants to know whether it's time to eat."

—Bush Media Adviser Roger Ailes, on Michael Dukakis



Richards pays lip service to Dukakis



CHICAGO Taking a patient's sex history



WHITE HOUSE Uniformed Secret Service guards



UNITED NATIONS P.L.O. win

MICHIGAN

Outlawing Surrogacy

Surrogate parenthood has often been denounced as baby selling, and five states have declared surrogate contracts unenforceable. But only in Michigan is surrogacy deemed a crime. Under a law signed by Governor James Blanchard last week, people entering into a surrogate contract for pay, and spouses who condone such arrangements, can be fined \$10,000 and jailed for a year. Lawyers and other brokers who promote surrogate contracts are branded felons; they can be fined \$50,000 and imprisoned for five years. Surrogate arrangements involving no fee remain legal. Surrogacy Lawyer Noel Keane and the American Civil Liberties Union say they will sue to have the law declared unconstitutional.

TERRORISM

Time to Grit Teeth

Like neighbors who grate on but cannot escape each other, the U.S. and Mexico know they must get along—however much one or the other may have to grit its teeth. Rarely, though, have American teeth ground louder than in the case of William Morales, the no-hands terrorist (he blew them off making

a bomb). Sentenced to as many as 99 years for a string of bombings, he escaped from the U.S. to Mexico in 1983, was captured in a gun battle and drew an eight-year jail term for killing a Mexican policeman. The U.S. had been dickering to get him back. But Foreign Minister Bernardo Sepúlveda Amor proclaimed that Morales is a "political fighter for Puerto Rican independence" and so not subject to extradition. Morales was turned loose and fled to Cuba.

The U.S. was officially so enraged that last week it recalled Ambassador Charles Pilioid "for consultations." But State Department officials privately took a soothing line, blaming Sepúlveda rather than the Mexican government and insisting that overall relations have not been affected. In other words: I will get along with my neighbor ... I will get along with my neighbor ... I will ...

WHITE HOUSE

They Just Said Yes

By now it has become a melancholy truism that drugs have penetrated every segment of American society. Including the White House? Yes, presidential aides confirmed last week: two National Security Council clerks have been fired and three uniformed Secret Service guards suspended be-

cause of alleged drug use. Apparently it occurred off the job; Spokesman Marlin Fitzwater said there had been no use or sale of drugs on the White House grounds and no breaches of security.

Ronald Reagan pronounced himself "upset" and said the incident underscored "the need for mandatory testing." In fact, random testing of present White House employees and pre-employment testing of future Secret Service hires is about to begin. In addition, Nancy Reagan might be well advised to direct some of her "just say no" lectures to her own staff.

CHICAGO

AIDS Beats Hippocrates

The Hippocratic oath that all doctors take swears them to keep secret anything they "may see or hear in the lives of men which ought not to be spoken abroad." With the exception of AIDS, the American Medical Association has decreed. Meeting in Chicago, the A.M.A. House of Delegates approved a resolution asserting that doctors not only may, but must warn the sexual partners of patients infected with the AIDS virus if neither the patient nor public authorities can be persuaded to do so.

"Every case we prevent is a life saved," explained Dr. M. Roy Schwarz, head of the

A.M.A.'s AIDS task force. The doctors may also have had in mind a few lawsuits that have been filed seeking damages from physicians who did not warn partners of AIDS victims. Gay rights groups and civil libertarians object that the rule will drive AIDS underground: if victims think doctors will expose them, they will simply avoid seeing physicians.

UNITED NATIONS

Hands Off The P.L.O.

When the U.S. Government used a new antiterrorism law to attempt to shut down the Palestine Liberation Organization's United Nations observer mission last December, the U.N. was outraged. In a rare show of unity, the members, Israel excepted, voted that the U.S. action violated the headquarters agreement signed when the world body moved to New York City in 1947.

Last week a federal judge in Manhattan dismissed the Justice Department lawsuit. U.S. District Judge Edmund Palmieri, citing cases back to 1804, ruled that the headquarters agreement is a valid treaty that cannot be superseded by the 1987 U.S. Anti-Terrorism Act. U.N. officials and the P.L.O. observers cheered the decision, but the Justice Department prevailed on one point: its ouster of the P.L.O.'s Washington office was deemed legal.

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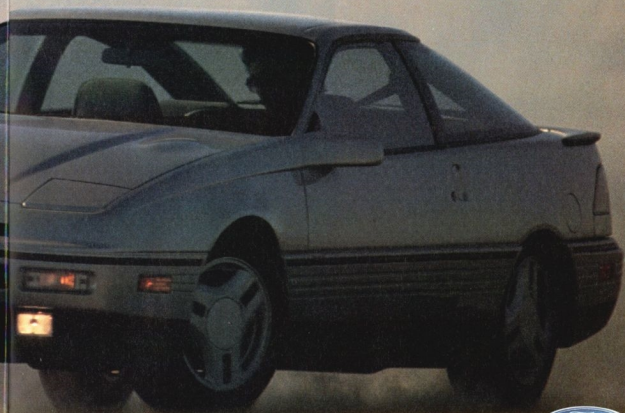
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SOVIET UNION

More Than Talk

Gorbachev's gabfest becomes an electrifying gripe session—and then some

The words were inflammatory, but the audience took them in stride. Referring to the discredited era of Leonid Brezhnev, who died in 1982, Vladimir I. Melnikov, an obscure official from the Russian republic, declared from the podium at the 19th All-Union Communist Party Conference, "People who in previous times actively conducted the policy of stagnation cannot

now be on, or work in, central party or Soviet organs in the period of restructuring."

To most people in the auditorium, Melnikov's meaning was clear. But Mikhail Gorbachev wanted him to be even more explicit. Breaking into the speech, Gorbachev asked, "Maybe you have some concrete suggestions?" Then, explaining to other delegates, Gorbachev added with a smile, "We're sitting here and don't know:

Is he talking about me or somebody else?"

Melnikov proceeded to do what would have been unthinkable even a few months ago, naming names—and prominent ones at that, including Andrei Gromyko, the country's 78-year-old President. The smile faded from Gorbachev's face, but when the highlights of the session were played on Soviet television later in the evening, that remarkable exchange was not deleted.



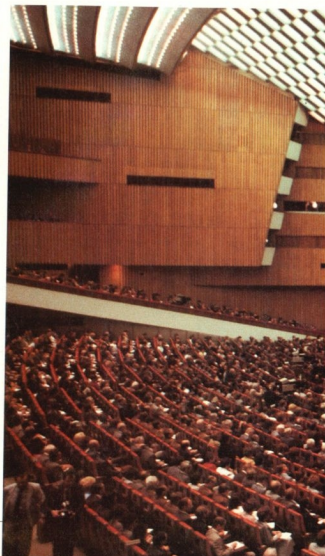
IN MOSCOW'S PALACE OF CONGRESSES, NEARLY 5,000 DELEGATES gathered to hear more than 70 speeches, including three by Mikhail Gorbachev. Excerpts from his keynote address:

"I would like to dwell particularly on the political freedoms that enable a person to express his opinion on any matter. Comrades, what we are talking about is a new role of public opinion in the country. And there is no need to fear the novel, unconventional character of some opinions, there is no need to overreact and lapse into extremes at every turn of the debates."

"For much too long, uniformity, monotonous conformity and mediocrity were made out to be the hallmarks of progress. We still lack the custom to engage in debate,...to practice free competition."

"Apart from undeniable gains, there still are daily cares largely preventing women from enjoying their rights fully."

"The Soviet people want a clear perspective... full-blooded and unconditional democracy. *Glasnost* in all things, big and small. Respect for hard work, and talk, and faithful service for the cause and the good of society. We need no social utopias."



So it went last week at the first, extraordinary party gathering since 1941, an event that proved extraordinary in every sense of the word. Day after sweltering day in an early summer heat wave, nearly 5,000 delegates met in the Kremlin's vast Palace of Congresses to debate their country's political future, and specifically the fate of Gorbachev's three-year-old program of *perestroika* (restructuring). A combination political convention, town meeting, classroom lecture and gripe session, the gathering turned into an astonishing exercise in Gorbachev's second-favorite buzz word, *glasnost* (openness). More than 70 delegates spoke their minds by week's end, and many others wanted to do so. But Gorbachev finally cut short discussion to hold a series of votes on political reforms. He got pretty much everything he asked for, including a new presidential system of government in which he could be not only party chief but also the Soviet Union's head of state.

Whether or not the conference succeeded in making Gorbachev's modernization plans "irreversible"—his stated

goal—there was little doubt that he dominated the event. The Soviet leader delivered three addresses, including a 3½-hr. keynote speech and an impassioned follow-up talk starkly warning that socialism "will die unless we reform the political system." He also delivered the meeting's closing address, declaring that the conference had opened the way to "a democratic image of socialism."

As if that were not enough, Gorbachev repeatedly interrupted other delegates as they spoke, usually to endorse their pro-reform assertions. The General Secretary even provided some moments of comic relief. After Politburo Member Alexander Yakovlev read a note asking delegates to refrain from delivering self-serving accounts of local party activities, Gorbachev leaned back in his chair and deadpanned, "That has the support of the conference, right?"

The meeting's most arresting move was a decision, at Gorbachev's urging, to reorganize the Soviet Union's governing

institutions in ways that could, depending on how the changes operate in practice, relax the party's iron grip on day-to-day economic and political decision making. As startling as that idea might sound, however, Gorbachev stressed that he was speaking about only some forms of operational authority, not a transfer of ultimate power out of the hands of the party—a point he took pains to clarify in his second, largely extemporaneous speech. "We do not abandon the role of the ruling party in the country," he said. "On the contrary, we want to reaffirm it."

One of his ideas reaches all the way back to the country's revolutionary origins. During the chaotic days that followed the overthrow of the Romanov dynasty, Vladimir Ilyich Lenin and the Bolshevik Party used local councils of workers and soldiers, known as soviets, as their springboard to power. Lenin's famous call for "all power to the soviets" was abandoned, however, almost as soon as its author had managed to establish a one-party state. Gorbachev proposed refurbishing the soviets, now largely impotent



World



A group of delegates heads across Red Square for an early-morning visit to Lenin's Mausoleum, Moscow's No. 1 tourist attraction. Behind them, stretched across a history museum, is a banner commemorating the conference

councils that do little more than endorse party directives, and making them serve as basic units of local government. Said Gorbachev: "We should assert the full and independent authority of the soviets in managing the development of the areas they run."

On the national level, the conference approved the creation of a new supreme organ, a 2,250-member Congress of People's Deputies. It would meet annually to select a smaller full-time legislature, the Supreme Soviet, and also a President, who would serve as the country's chief executive. Gorbachev did not say whether that job should be filled by the current leader of the Communist Party, namely himself. But he did specify that local party leaders should get the top jobs in the soviets, raising the possibility that he favored a parallel arrangement on the national level.

One of the key questions left unanswered was whether this system would satisfy Gorbachev's insistence on lines of "strict demarcation" between party and government functions. Noting that the proposal called for automatic election of party leaders as heads of the soviets, Leonid Abalkin, director of the Academy of Science's economics institute, pointed out that this was actually a step away from

Gorbachev's previous calls for multi-candidate votes. The plan, he said, amounted to a "vote of confidence rather than a vote with many variants." But Gorbachev insisted that the system's provision for secret balloting would offer a genuine choice. If a party candidate were turned down for office in a soviet, he said, then the local party committee would be forced "to draw the necessary conclusions"—presumably, that the person was not fit for the party office either.

Addressing the principal issues that have arisen in his term of office, Gorbachev candidly admitted that "we could have accomplished far more than we have in these three years in the main *perestroika* areas." To resolve the chronic difficulty of food shortages, which he termed "the most painful and the most acute problem in the life of our society," Gorbachev called for the introduction of land-leasing agreements that would make agricultural workers feel that they are "true masters on the farm." The Soviet leader stepped up his attacks on the country's economic bureaucracy; he blames its obsession with sheer output for sabotaging his reform program's emphasis on efficiency and

product quality. "We do not need millions of tons of steel, millions of tons of cement, millions of tons of coal as such," he said. "What we need are tangible end results."

Gorbachev also discussed what is likely to become one of his most difficult problems in the near future: the necessity of raising prices on many consumer products, including meat and bread, which currently soak up wasteful state subsidies. Until these artificially inexpensive goods are subjected to what he delicately called "pricing reform," said Gorbachev, "we shall not be able to create normal relations in the economy and secure a properly grounded assessment of the costs and results of production." The Soviet leader, however, was well aware that announcements of sudden and severe price hikes have proved explosive elsewhere in the East bloc, notably in Poland. Adjustments in the Soviet cost of living, he promised, will be made only after a "thorough nationwide discussion."

Gorbachev demonstrated less patience with the problem of nationalist unrest, which has broken out with violent repercussions in the southern republics of Armenia and Azerbaijan. While praising the "growth of ethnic self-awareness," the General Secretary cautioned that "any ob-



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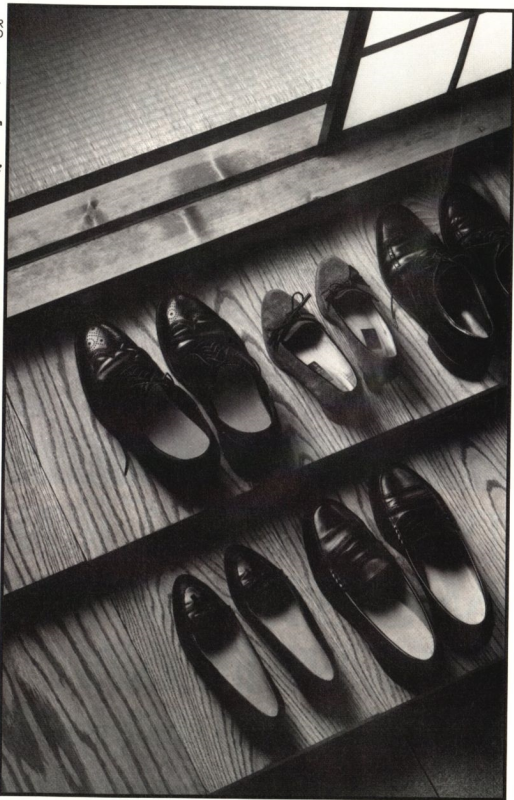
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World

session with national isolation can only lead to economic and cultural impoverishment." Nationalist "collisions," he said, must be settled "within the existing state structure of our union," a reference to the roiling secessionist movement in the autonomous region of Nagorno-Karabakh, an area that is geographically part of Azerbaijan but ethnically 75% Armenian.

The Soviet leader invited delegates to use the conference for a freewheeling exercise in "criticism and self-criticism." He did not have to ask twice. As speaker after speaker assumed the podium for an allotted 15 minutes of temporary fame, the strictures and inhibitions of decades of Soviet political life seemed to slip away, at least for the moment. Not that candor has been entirely absent from previous party gatherings, perhaps most memorably when Nikita Khrushchev denounced Stalinism at the 20th Party Congress in 1956. What made last week's display of political emotion so remarkable is that much of it was shared, via nightly television summaries, with the nation and the world. Many Soviets found the experience difficult to believe. Said one Muscovite, an artist in her 40s: "I am hearing things on television that weeks ago I would never have whispered over the telephone."

Complaints ranged from the mundane to the exotic. One crowd pleaser was Vladimir Kabaizde, 64, general director of a machine-tool plant in the city of Ivanovo. Earthy and outspoken, Kabaizde took pleasure in skewering the ministerial bureaucracy that oversees Soviet industrial enterprises. Kabaizde offered some feline advice: "If a minister can catch mice, feed him. If he can't, don't bother." He also denounced the bloated cadre of "scientific workers" who are designated to carry out state-supported research-and-development projects but actually perform little productive labor. "I recently heard a horrible statistic," he told the conference. "There are supposed to be 900,000 scientific workers in Moscow. What is this supposed to be, a gathering place for wunderkinder?" Baiting bureaucrats is hardly a high-risk enterprise in the Gorbachev era, of course, but Kabaizde's gibes drew appreciative chuckles and applause, even from some of their targets in the audience.

Among ordinary workers, who according to official statistics constituted one-third of the delegates, the most frequent gripe was that *perestroika* so far has provided few benefits in day-to-day life. Said Veniamin Yarin, a metalworker in the west Siberian city of Nizhni Tagil: "The workers say, 'Where is *perestroika* when the supply of goods in shops is as poor as ever, sugar is bought with ration cards and there is no meat?'"

Yarin also called for an end to the Soviet tradition of cloaking the individual responsibilities of ruling Politburo members in secrecy. "We don't know the specific matters each Politburo member is personally responsible for," he declared.

In fact, last week's conference produced one important new disclosure along those very lines. At a press conference, Byelorussian Party Chief Yefrem Sokolov confirmed earlier rumors that Politburo Member Yakovlev, a strong Gorbachev supporter, has become chief overseer of party ideology, replacing Yegor K. Ligachev, who is thought to be the Soviet leader's major rival.

Another frequently voiced concern was the environment. Rafik Nishanov, the Uzbekistan party chief, complained bitterly about a disastrous drop in the water level of the inland Aral Sea, which has been depleted over the years by efforts to irrigate the arid republics of Central Asia. The chief of a new environmental protection committee, Fyodor Morgun, blamed the "ill-considered drive to build gigantic plants" for a Pandora's box of ecological problems, including air and water pollution.

By and large, delegates refrained from

discussing Soviet foreign policy. The exception was the eight-year war in Afghanistan, which was criticized as a misguided Brezhnev-era adventure by two speakers, Editor Grigori Baklanov and Economist Yevgeni Primakov. But Gorbachev was applauded when he defended the performance of Soviet troops in Afghanistan. The commander of the Soviet forces there, Lieut. General Boris Gromov, told the conference that "we have performed our duty with honor."

A leading Soviet actor, Mikhail Ulyanov (who often plays his eponym, Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov Lenin), cited a now famous letter, printed earlier this year in the newspaper *Sovetskaya Rossiya*, from a Leningrad schoolteacher that criticized *glasnost*. Ulyanov warned that all too many intellectuals "snapped to attention and waited for the next orders" as a result of its publication, convinced that the period of openness was about to end.

Making of the President

Among the more striking ideas set forth by Mikhail Gorbachev last week was one for a radical restructuring of the Soviet government. As envisioned by the General Secretary, the present system would be supplanted by bodies and offices somewhat more Western in style.

THE OLD SYSTEM . . .

President of the Presidium
Nominally head of state, the President presides over the Supreme Soviet and performs largely ceremonial duties.

Presidium of the Supreme Soviet
Its 39 members oversee ministries and issue laws, but like the President, the Presidium is answerable to the party.

Supreme Soviet
Technically the highest organ of state authority, this 1,500-member legislature is actually just a rubber stamp for the Presidium's decisions.

Local Soviets

These councils supervise departments in their areas but are bound by local party directives.

WOULD BE REPLACED BY . . .

President of the Supreme Soviet
This U.S.-style executive would conduct foreign and defense policy and be elected by secret ballot of the new Congress.

Presidium of the Supreme Soviet
Its 17 Vice Presidents would assist the President and oversee the work of committees of the new Supreme Soviet.

Supreme Soviet
A smaller, two-chamber parliament with real legislative duties, it would sit year-round to decide specific matters and be answerable to the new Congress.

Congress of the People's Deputies
A 2,250-member forum, it would meet annually to decide major policy issues and elect the President and the Supreme Soviet.

Local Soviets

The councils, which would have enhanced authority to manage economic enterprises in their area, would be presided over by the party's regional secretaries.

World



Others, unhappy with *glasnost*, criticized the Soviet press for carrying the campaign too far with its newfound appetite for muckraking. Calling those who produce such fare "princes of extremism," conservative Novelist Yuri Bondarev declared, "Not all newspaper and magazine editors have realized that the immorality of the press cannot teach morality."

At one point the proceedings were interrupted by a spicy dispute involving the weekly magazine *Ogonyok*, which has emerged as one of the staunchest supporters of *glasnost*—and one of the most daring probes of its limits. Shortly before the conference convened, the newspaper had alleged that several unnamed delegates from the Central Asian republic of Uzbekistan were guilty of accepting bribes. When the conference's credentials chairman said it would take time to subject the charges to official investigation, there were shouts for *Ogonyok* Editor Vitali Korotich to substantiate them himself. Korotich gamely came to the podium and explained that he could not name the alleged culprits because their party membership protected them from public prosecution. Then, with a flourish, he turned and handed Gorbachev what he said was his evidence.

Perhaps the best-known political casualty of the Gorbachev era, former Moscow Party Boss Boris Yeltsin, issued a typically brazen plea for political rehabilitation. Fired last November for his attacks on fellow Politburo members who showed a lack of enthusiasm for Gorbachev's reforms, Yeltsin portrayed himself as the victim of circumstance. "I believe that my only mistake was that I chose the



Soviet veterans, above, at a memorial for the 13,000 soldiers killed during the Afghanistan war, which became a conference issue; Gorbachev's keynote speech draws the rapt attention of shoppers in a Moscow TV store

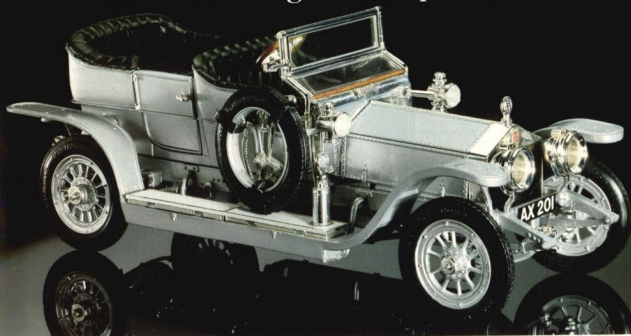
wrong time, [just] before the celebration of the 70th anniversary of the Revolution," said Yeltsin, now a high-ranking construction minister. "I took very much to heart what happened." Showing that he is as combative as ever, Yeltsin tore into the party's Central Committee for publishing the text of its agenda too close to the opening of the 19th All-Union Conference to allow for significant debate.

Yeltsin's tirade did not go unanswered for long. In what amounted to a public airing of a long-simmering Kremlin feud, Ligachev urged the conference to deny Yeltsin rehabilitation because he had failed to renounce his "doubtful and uncomradely methods." Gorbachev sought to put the matter to rest, saying ev-

eryone involved in the Yeltsin affair had "learned a lesson."

In his closing address, Gorbachev pronounced the four-day meeting a success and hailed *glasnost* as "one of the heroes of our conference." He also promised to "bring about a qualitatively new condition in our society and give a human face to socialism"—the exact phrase used 20 years ago by Czechoslovak Reformer Alexander Dubček. As Gorbachev joined the delegates in singing verses of the *Internationale*, he took off his glasses. A pensive, almost weary expression crept across his face, the look of a man who has put one more victory behind him but still has many more battles to face. —By William R. Doerner. Reported by Ann Blackman and John Kohan/Moscow

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CHINA

Sprucing Up the Troops

Beijing's shrinking army ranks up and puts on a new image

When Yang Baibing took the podium before a committee of the National People's Congress, China's highest legislative body, the simple insignia on his olive-drab uniform gave no hint of his position as the army's top political commissar. But that will soon change. For Yang proposed restoring to the People's Liberation Army a system of military ranks once denounced by Maoists as "feudal, capitalist and revisionist."

Yang's eleven-grade hierarchy is the latest in a series of military reforms designed to transform the once poorly equipped and highly politicized revolutionary army into a modern, professional force. The ranking system will be accompanied by the introduction of trimly tailored uniforms complete with stars, flaps, epaulettes and braid to replace the regulation green mandated for all soldiers by the fiercely egalitarian Mao.

The new ranks and vestments are intended to enhance morale in an army whose power and prestige have been diminished by Chinese leaders determined to de-emphasize military might in favor of agricultural and industrial reform. After consolidating his power in 1978, Deng Xiaoping used a mixture of cajolery, cash incentives and hard-knuckle politics to oust military officers from top provincial and party posts. Since 1985, 1 million men and women, including 455,000 officers, have been mustered out. Though



Out of date: a PLA soldier on parade in 1984

An end to Mao's egalitarian green.

still 3.5 million strong, the PLA has lost its position as the world's largest military organization to the 5.2 million-member Soviet armed forces. Last week Beijing announced that another 70,000 army officers would relinquish their uniforms and take government jobs. The military's share of the national budget, now \$5.8 billion, has declined from 17.5% in 1979 to 8.5%. (The U.S. spends

\$292 billion, or 27% of its budget.)

The reductions have been helped by Deng's successful economic revitalization. "Luckily, the army is not so attractive to the farm boys as it once was," says a Western diplomat in Beijing. "Today they are earning good money on the farms." To make ends meet, the generals have been forced to become entrepreneurs themselves, selling weapons to foreign countries to bring in extra cash. Western leaders have criticized them for selling Silkworm missiles to Iran and CSS-2 medium-range missiles, capable of carrying nuclear warheads, to Saudi Arabia.

The money earned from such sales is used not only to buy tanks, planes and other equipment but to develop new fighting strategies. Over the past three years the Chinese have created what they call "integrated corps," units of soldiers, sailors and marines, to fight potential invaders, and "first squads," rapid-deployment forces designed to handle skirmishes along China's 4,150-mile border with the Soviet Union.

China's top military leaders have not always gone along with Deng's changes. Last year Deng, 83, was forced to remove his chosen successor, Hu Yaobang, from his most important offices partly because he was seen as antimilitary. His successor, Zhao Ziyang, is also a reformer, but one who is apparently acceptable to the PLA. When the new ranking system takes effect in the fall, Zhao is considered a strong candidate for promotion to senior general, the highest military grade.

—By Michael S. Serrill, Reported by Sandra Burton and Jaime A. FlorCruz/Beijing

KAMPUCHEA

Long Trip Home

After a decade of occupation, Viet Nam is calling it quits

Before dawn, crowds of people waving red-and-yellow Vietnamese and Kampuchean flags assembled in the streets of Phnom Penh and along the boulevard leading to Pochentong airport. As marching music blared, senior Vietnamese officers, led by Lieut. General Le Ngoc Hien, drove past the Kampuchean throngs in Soviet-made jeeps, followed by buses carrying other officers and enlisted men. At the airport, a team of Cambodian classical dancers showered fragrant white flowers on the departing officers and soldiers, who boarded planes and helicopters bound for Ho Chi Minh City. After almost ten years in Kampuchea, the Vietnamese army was officially going home.

Viet Nam's phased withdrawal reflects political rather than military concerns. Under pressure

from Moscow, Viet Nam has been reassessing its foreign commitments, and seems to have determined that top priority must be given to curing its sick economy. As for Kampuchea's own war-exhausted economy, it cannot be revived without large doses of foreign aid, which Viet Nam is in no position to supply and the Soviet Union is increasingly unwilling to offer.

Viet Nam invaded Kampuchea, formerly Cambodia, in late 1978, eventually

driving the murderous Khmer Rouge regime of Pol Pot into exile along the Thai border. The new government of Heng Samrin was itself composed of former Khmer Rouge leaders who had revolted against Pol Pot. In the aftermath of the Vietnamese invasion, the world learned for the first time that in a population of more than 7 million, the Khmer Rouge had slaughtered between 1 million and 2 million of their countrymen.

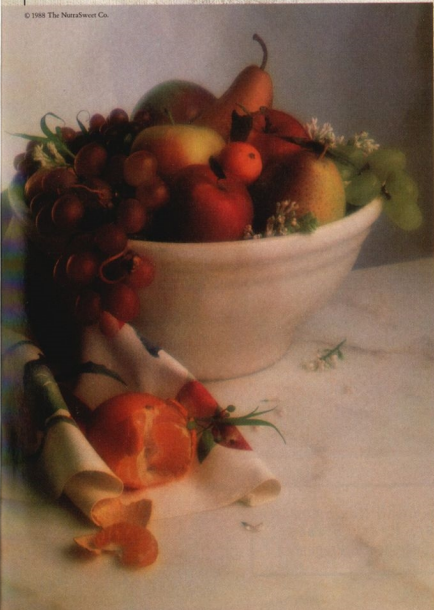
Even though the two neighbors had long been enemies, the invading Vietnamese were initially welcomed as liberators. In the early years of the occupation as many as 200,000 Vietnamese troops were in Kampuchea, but the number had fallen to 120,000 by the beginning of this year. This past spring Hanoi announced that it would withdraw its troops completely by 1990, and last week's ceremony marked the departure of the top commanders. In a striking statistical footnote, Vietnamese officials admitted last week that they had lost 50,000 soldiers in Kampuchea since the 1978 invasion—roughly the same number of Americans killed in Viet Nam. ■



Vietnamese generals and troops leaving Phnom Penh

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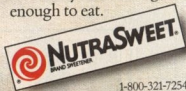
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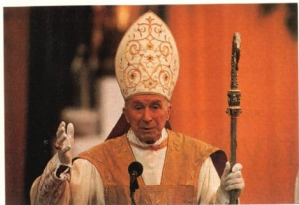
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World Notes



SCHISMS Defying Rome, Lefebvre consecrates four bishops

FRANCE

Runaway Train

Near the end of the evening rush hour, the engineer of commuter train No. 153951 peered down the tracks of Paris' Gare de Lyon and screamed in horror: another train was bearing down on him at high speed. Seconds later, the runaway train rammed 153951 at more than 50 m.p.h., turning it into a maze of shredded steel. The collision last week was the worst rail accident in Paris history and one of the worst ever in France. The toll: 56 dead and 13 seriously injured.

The runaway train had had an uneventful trip along the 35-mile commuter line from Melun to Paris until the brakes failed just outside the Gare de Lyon, a major commuter hub. Firemen, doctors and paramedics worked for 20 hours to save the injured and retrieve the dead. "I tried to lift someone up by the shoulders," said a young fireman. "His torso came off in my arms." Said Mayor Jacques Chirac after visiting the scene: "It is incomprehensible."

TERRORISM

November 17's 14th Victim

The scenario was all too familiar. As U.S. Navy Captain William E. Nordeen, 51, a mil-

itary attaché at the American embassy in Athens, was setting out for work in his bulletproof Ford Granada last week, the morning calm was shattered by an explosion. A bomb planted in a Toyota sedan parked near Nordeen's home had been detonated by remote control as he drove by. The blast hurled Nordeen's car across the street; the captain's decapitated body was found more than 100 ft. away in the yard of an abandoned house.

A band of leftist terrorists called November 17 claimed responsibility for the attack. Nordeen was the 14th victim and the third American killed by the organization since 1975. Declared the killers: "We decided to execute one of the higher-ranking officers of American imperialism in our country."

ANGOLA

First the Good News...

Flying back to Pretoria from talks in Cairo, South African Foreign Minister Roelof ("Pik") Botha was in high good humor. Jauntily donning a red fez, Botha told reporters that with the aid of Chester Crocker, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, negotiators from South Africa, Angola and Cuba had made progress on future discussions concerning the withdrawal of Cuban and South African



TERRORISM Victim Nordeen's car, right, and bomb vehicle

troops from Angola. But the euphoria dissolved the following day, when new fighting broke out. Pretoria said that twelve of its soldiers and 300 Angolans and Cubans were killed when a government force attacked a South African garrison. Officials in Luanda insisted that 26 South Africans and ten Angolans were killed.

Most observers, nevertheless, expect the talks to resume in Washington next week, when top Cuban, South African and Angolan officials will discuss the mechanics of a disengagement. As Botha pointed out with a sardonic laugh, the choice of locale places the Cubans and South Africans on the same side: both must overcome U.S. restrictions and seek special permission for their delegations to fly to Washington.

THE PHILIPPINES

A Call for Linguistic Lib

After the Philippines became a U.S. territory in 1898, English was adopted as a more or less official tongue. But a growing number of Filipinos are calling for a kind of linguistic liberation, charging that English undermines the country's identity. Last week a wide-ranging study commissioned by a Philippine Senator blamed the language for inducing a national inferiority complex. Said the report: "Thinking in our native language but expressing our-

selves in English results not only in a lack of confidence but also in a lack of power of expression." The statement, alas, was written in English.

SCHISMS

Bishop's End Game

For the more than 6,000 worshippers in attendance, the ceremony in an Alpine meadow near the Swiss hamlet of Ecône was deeply moving. To the Vatican, it was anathema. By consecrating four bishops against Rome's wishes, traditionalist Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre, 82, opened the first schism in the Roman Catholic Church in eight decades. The result: instant excommunication for Lefebvre and his new prelates.

The excommunication is Rome's final action against Lefebvre, who opposed the liberalizing policies of the 1962-65 Second Vatican Council and then set up his own seminary in Ecône. An agreement worked out last month seemed to herald a reconciliation, but it collapsed three weeks ago. By going ahead with the ceremony, Lefebvre sought to perpetuate his 100,000-member renegade movement, since his newly consecrated bishops can in turn ordain their own priests. Dismissing his excommunication, the Archbishop declared, "I am a bishop of the Catholic Church who will continue to spread the faith."

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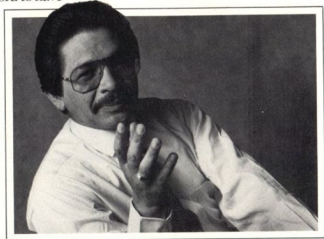
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Airbus on the Spot

Did pilot error or a design flaw cause the new A320's crash?

The Airbus A320 had been delivered to Air France only two days earlier, and the airline was proud to welcome 130 passengers aboard its new plane last week for a scenic demonstration flight. During the 45-minute ride, the sophisticated craft was supposed to buzz the tarmac at a French air show and swoop past 15,771-ft. Mont Blanc. The twin-jet aircraft, renowned as the world's most electronically advanced commercial airliner and celebrated as a symbol of Europe's technological prowess, was packed with local dignitaries, sightseers and journalists. Also aboard: a handful of aviation buffs who paid up to \$70 each for a ticket and 20 people who won the ride in a local newspaper contest. Some had never flown before.

The demonstration quickly turned into disaster. Four minutes after takeoff from a commercial airport just north of Basel, Switzerland, the plane made the first of two planned low-altitude flybys for the crowd of 15,000 attending the air show at the tiny Habsheim, France, airstrip 15 miles away. The announcer touted the new jet ("It's so quiet you can barely hear its engines...") as it went by at about 135 m.p.h.

Then the crowd gasped as the plane failed to gain altitude, clipped a stand of 40-ft. beech trees at the end of the runway, and seemed to sink gently into the forest. It came to rest in one piece, but a spreading pool of jet fuel ignited and engulfed the plane. Even so, the chief steward and three flight attendants stayed with the craft, evacuating passengers on inflatable emergency chutes. The crew's heroism kept casualties remarkably low, but three people were killed and about 90 injured. The plane was a total loss, recognizable only by its red-white-and-blue tail section.

The crash was a painfully timed psychological setback for Europe's costly venture in commercial-jet building. The A320 is a daring new breed of plane, the world's first commercial airliner in which the pilots "fly by wire"—controlling the engines and wing surfaces (rudder, flaps, ailerons) via computers and electronic commands rather than hydraulic or cable linkages. The fallen jet was only the sixth A320 to come off the assembly line at the Airbus

Industrie consortium's plant in Toulouse. But the questions arising from the accident apply to the entire aircraft industry, for the planes of the future will be increasingly controlled by computer software instead of human reflexes and judgment.

The A320's rapid commercial success is hastening that trend. Orders streamed in while the plane was still on the drawing

boards, and 21 customers have signed to buy 319 of the high-tech jets at roughly \$35 million apiece and have taken out options for an additional 203, making it the fastest-selling airliner in aviation history. Airbus, funded by the governments of France, Britain, West Germany and Spain, desperately needs those sales because its market share and profitability



The plane swoops low just seconds before the disaster, upper left; the bloodied co-pilot walks away from the fiery fuselage; French police survey the wreckage; the jet's carcass lies at the end of the swath it cut.

have been eroded by the U.S. dollar's decline. None of the A320's buyers canceled orders last week, but all will be eager for reassurance that the plane's basic design was not at fault.

French government officials rushed to absolve the plane, even though the precise cause of the crash will require a month-long study. In a news conference, Transport Minister Louis Mermaz declared that "there is no reason to question the proper functioning of the plane or its use." He did not fix the blame on pilot error, but other officials alleged that Pilot Michel Asseline, 44, had been flying much too low, at only about 30 ft., far below the minimum safe level of 100 ft. This was less than totally comforting for Airbus and Air France, however, because the veteran Asseline is the airline's chief flight instructor on the new plane.

The French airline pilots' union came to Asseline's defense, saying it believed his version of events and insisting that no conclusions should be drawn until the in-

vestigation is finished. Asseline and his co-pilot reportedly told investigators that the airplane's instruments showed that the plane was at 100 ft. just before it went over the runway. According to a rescue worker, moments after Asseline emerged from the wreckage, dazed but unharmed, he said, "I wanted to boost the power, but the aircraft did not respond."

Fly-by-wire controls make thousands of computerized adjustments a minute, allowing pilots to fly planes that are far more streamlined—but less stable—than those of the past. Many U.S. military planes are now completely computer controlled, including the F-14 and F-16 fighters and the B-1B bomber. But those planes do not need to be as stable as commercial airliners. Says Tom Foxworth, a pilot for a major U.S. airline: "The difference is that if things go wrong, military pilots can pull a switch and bail out. But your Aunt Tilly in the back of a commercial airliner isn't equipped to."

The computers of advanced aircraft

like the A320 are also programmed to prevent pilot error by limiting the plane's response to dangerous commands. But some pilots believe such safeguards could be a handicap in emergency situations that require sudden maneuvers, like those necessary to avoid a collision. Says John Mazor, a spokesman for the Air Line Pilots Association: "A computer can only react to the possibilities that have been programmed into it." Some experts speculate that because the Airbus jet's wheels were down as it swooped over the air show, the computers might have been tricked into thinking the plane was landing. Airbus officials discount this possibility.

Computer-controlled jets are attractive to the airlines at least partly because of their low operating costs. The gadgetry of the A320 eliminates the need for a third member of the cockpit crew, creating a cost-cutting advantage for airlines struggling for profits in the age of deregulation. Airbus also boasts that the plane is 40%



more fuel efficient than older, comparably sized models like the Boeing 727 because of its lighter weight and streamlined profile.

U.S. aircraft builders are moving in the same direction as Airbus, but more cautiously. The new Boeing 757 and 767 models have computer-controlled engines, though the wing and tail surfaces are still linked to the cockpit by hydraulics. The McDonnell Douglas MD-11, the replacement for the DC-10, will be fully computerized, but the wing and tail surfaces will have a mechanical backup system so that "whatever the airplane is capable of, the pilot can get full response," a spokesman says. Nonetheless, mechanical linkages will no doubt be obsolete someday. Boeing is even studying the feasibility of controls that will be connected by light waves through fiber-optic cables.

The A320 has been an instant best seller. Though the Federal Aviation Administration has yet to approve the use of the jets for U.S. flights, Northwest Airlines has ordered 100 of them for delivery beginning next year. Pan Am has 16 on order, with an option to buy 34 more. Last week, as if to prove its faith in the A320, the leasing firm GATX-IC ordered ten of the planes.

Airbus has a lot riding on the A320's success. Founded 18 years ago, the consortium has spent nearly \$2 billion over the past four years to develop the high-tech plane. Although Airbus has succeeded in selling its earlier models, the A300 and the A310, to 58 airlines, the consortium's continuing losses have been aggravated by the weak dollar. The aircraft manufacturer prices its planes in U.S. currency but must pay most of its expenses in relatively stronger European currencies. The consortium last year boasted a 23% share of all worldwide aircraft orders, placing it behind Boeing's 50% but just ahead of McDonnell Douglas' 22.5%. This year, however, Airbus has slipped to No. 3, with 12%, vs. 70% for Boeing and 18% for McDonnell.

Despite professions of confidence from airlines, the A320 is likely to be watched with special scrutiny until it can establish a long-running safety record. Last week's crash was preceded by several glitches involving the new model. The first A320 to be delivered to Air France suffered a failure in four of its five electrical circuits in March when a transformer failed just before takeoff on a demonstration run over Paris with then Premier Jacques Chirac on board. Air France says a backup system immediately took over and there was never any danger to passengers or the plane.

Such incidents may be flukes, because the A320 was successfully tested for more than 1,650 hours on nearly 800 flights before it won its French certificate of airworthiness. Passengers should hope so because it is likely that all of them will someday be flying by wire.

—By Gordon Bock,
Reported by William Dowell/Paris and Jay
Petersell/Washington

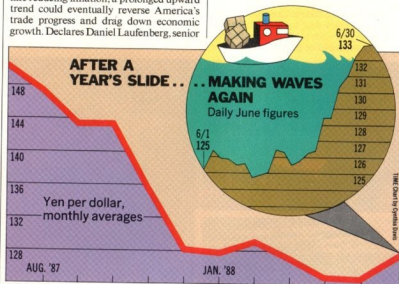
Giving the Dollar a Buildup

But too strong a currency could aggravate the trade gap

In the past half-year, the downside dollar has finally done wonders for U.S. trade problems. By making American products more competitive overseas and foreign imports more expensive at home, the smaller dollar helped shrink the U.S. trade deficit to just \$9.9 billion in April, the lowest in more than 2½ years. But in the past two weeks, the dollar has climbed 5.9% against Japan's currency, to 133 yen at the end of June, and 3.7% vs. West Germany's, to 1.81 marks. That still leaves it 48% below its peak 3½ years ago. So far, the U.S. has made no significant effort to halt the rise. But while the slightly stronger dollar has some benefits, like reducing inflation, a prolonged upward trend could eventually reverse America's trade progress and drag down economic growth. Declares Daniel Laufenberg, senior

until the momentum began to grow. The banks of eight European countries—West Germany, Britain, France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Spain and Belgium—finally intervened by unloading some of their stocks of the currency. But the dollar kept climbing because the two largest countries—the U.S. and Japan—refused to resist the trend.

In the short run, a slightly stronger dollar could be helpful all around. European governments have wanted to push up their interest rates to contain inflation but have not been able to do so until now because that would have made their cur-



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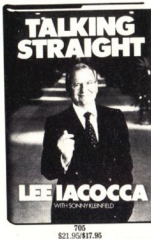
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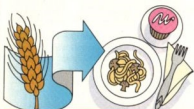
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The Drought's Food-Chain Reaction

From breakfast cereal to beer, prices may be on the rise

Rain in the ninth inning of a baseball game is usually no cause for celebration, especially if the home team is losing. But when drops started falling in Kansas City last week as the Royals tried to catch the Chicago White Sox, 23,000 fans let out a rousing cheer. No wonder they were delighted to get wet. Missouri is deep in the heart of drought country: some 80% of its corn crop and more than 60% of its soybeans are in poor-to-very-poor condition. In Chicago the news that scattered showers were sprinkling the blistered Plains



The wheat flour in products ranging from pasta to cake can represent as little as 7% of their cost, still enough to trigger a small price increase if crop damage is severe.

and Midwest created a near panic in the commodity pits as traders rushed to retreat from the sky-high futures prices they had been paying during the bone-dry days of late June.

But a few showers were far from enough to break what meteorologists describe as the most devastating dry spell in 50 years. If the drought stretches through the summer, its economic effects could prove as far-reaching as a cloudless Montana sky. Any sizable increase in inflation is still remote, but a persistent drought could bring higher prices for products ranging from cherries to Christmas trees, breakfast cereal to beer. While farmers fortunate enough to have a healthy crop will enjoy the windfall of higher prices this year, the shriveled overall yield could reduce U.S. agricultural exports in the long run by losing market share to foreign competitors.



With the burn-up of feed corn and hay, ranchers are slaughtering herds, which could cut meat prices now but raise them next year. Costly corn oil has boosted the price of margarine.

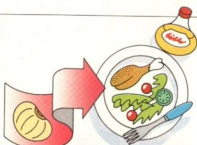
Most notably for consumers, the cost of food is going up. The Government reported last week that prices paid to farmers for grain crops rose 3.7% in June alone, after increasing 6.1% during the first five months of the year. Since January, soybean futures prices have risen from \$4.70 per bu. to more than \$10, and traders are talking about "beans in the teens" by year's end, which would break the record high of \$12.90 reached during a shortage in 1973. As a result, the Department of Agriculture now estimates that food prices will rise between 3% and 5% this year, but those estimates may prove optimistic. John McMillin, an analyst for the investment firm Prudential-Bache, foresees a possible double-digit increase in food prices during 1989.

Many of the increases will start with the raw material and pass through to finished products in ways that consumers may not expect. Corn, for example, serves as the basis for everything from cattle feed to margarine, and the crop is severely threatened. If below-average rainfall persists through mid-July, when the plants are pollinated, up to half of the crops could be lost. The sale of stockpiled crops from previous years will mitigate the effects of the drought, but rising corn prices are already putting pressure on cereal makers. General Mills last month boosted the retail prices of its breakfast brands 5%. Kraft is charging 8% more for its soybean oil-based margarine.

The winter-wheat harvest escaped the effects of the drought. But the spring-wheat crop in a belt from Montana to Minnesota, which accounts for one-fourth of the year's total harvest, may amount to only 250 million bu. That is less than half of last year's level. Result: consumers are likely to pay higher prices for pasta, much of which is made from the northern durum wheat. Should the drought persist through the summer, the same will hold true for soybean-based foods, which range from trendy tofu to salad dressing.

The drought is likely to send meat prices down at first, then higher next year. Many ranchers cannot afford the corn and soybean meal to feed their herds. At the same time, much of the pastureland their cows normally graze has been scorched. As a result, ranchers are slaughtering many more of their cattle than usual. As the meat comes to market, retail prices for beef and pork should decline for the next few months. But by next spring the herds will be reduced, and prices are likely to increase as much as 10% from their current levels. The calf herd is expected to drop below 39 million head next year, the lowest since 1952.

The drought-inflated crop prices are a godsend for any farmers in areas of nor-



A soybean shortage may raise the price of broiler chickens, which often feed on soybean meal. Prices of many products containing soybean oil, like salad dressing, could also go up.

mal rainfall or for those who have silos full of stockpiled grain from previous years. In addition, higher crop prices could help reduce the federal budget deficit, since the Government will be liable for fewer farm-support payments (last year's total subsidies: \$23 billion). Some of the savings, though, will be given as aid to drought-stricken farmers.

Yet if the drought drags on, it could start to harm the economy. Although food costs account for just 17% of the Consumer Price Index, double-digit increases in that component could push the overall inflation measure upwards by a percentage point or two. Some economists, like David Jones of the investment firm Aubrey Lantson, believe the food-price run-up will combine with rising wages and other



Barley, which provides the basic ingredient for beer, is badly burned across Minnesota and the Dakotas. The damage could boost the price of a six-pack by an estimated 4%.

commodity shortages to set off a genuine inflationary spiral. (The price of aluminum, for example, has risen more than 75% during the past year, while copper is up more than 50%.)

Higher prices mean the dollar amount of agricultural exports could rise this year even as the actual volume may fall. Producers in Europe, South America and Australia will step in to meet the demand that U.S. growers fail to serve. Once those competitors gain market share, American farmers will have to struggle to reclaim it. That is just one more reason they are praying for rain and cheering every drop.

—By Barbara Rudolph.
Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Lee Griggs/Chicago

Business Notes



WALL STREET Wang in 1983

WALL STREET

The Littlest Insider

As a high school student, Stephen Sui-Kuan Wang Jr. boasted that he would make his first million before turning 30. When he joined the Morgan Stanley investment firm, the young financial analyst seemed well on his way. But Wang's role in multimillion-dollar deals still amounted to rudimentary research.

Now Wang, 24, stands accused of trying to make up the difference through insider trading. The Securities and Exchange Commission charged last week that the \$35,000-a-year analyst provided secret information about takeovers that Morgan Stanley was working on to Fred Lee, 38, a wealthy Taiwanese businessman. Lee allegedly used the information to make at least \$19 million in illegal profits from 25 stock deals. The SEC is seeking \$76 million—the disputed profits plus triple damages—from Lee and Wang. Their insider-trading penalty would be second only to the \$100 million paid by Ivan Boesky.

The investigation started in February, when the SEC noticed that an unusual number of shares in E-II Holdings, a consumer-products firm, had changed hands a few days before the company was taken over. After four stock exchanges reported similar trades, the SEC traced them to



ACQUISITIONS MCA really got a hold on the Miracles

Lee. A check of Lee's phone calls led investigators to Wang. The SEC says Lee paid the analyst \$200,000 for the tips, but the Taiwanese investor claims through his lawyer that virtually all the information was public knowledge.

SMOKING

New Pitfalls in Tobacco Road

American cigarette companies may feel besieged by the recent spate of local antismoking laws in the U.S., but times are even tougher in Canada. Last week Parliament passed a law that bans cigarette ads in print as of Jan. 1 and banishes them from billboards by 1991. (As in the U.S., cigarette makers in Canada do not advertise on TV.) Beginning next year, every pack of cigarettes sold in Canada will contain a leaflet explaining the dangers of smoking. The tobacco industry fears that the Canadian legislation will inspire a similar crack-down by Congress.

ACQUISITIONS

Sold: Sugar Pie Honey Bunch

The record industry heard it through the grapevine: Berry Gordy Jr., the former Detroit autoworker who founded Motown Records nearly 30 years

ago, was shopping the company around. No one was dancing in the streets about that idea, since Motown ranks as one of the largest black-owned businesses in the U.S. But last week Gordy announced that he would sell it to the Los Angeles-based entertainment conglomerate MCA and a group of private investors for \$61 million.

MCA will get the valuable catalog of hits by such artists as the Supremes, along with a roster of still working stars including Stevie Wonder and Smokey Robinson. Gordy, 59, will retain ownership of the sheet-music rights and the film division.

RESEARCH

A Way to Bug The Killer Bees

When the first wave of Africanized killer bees reaches the Texas border as early as next year, some of the rest-less insects may be turned into informants for the scientists who are plotting against them. The aerospace company Martin Marietta has designed a solar-powered microchip transmitter that can be glued snugly onto a bee's back, enabling entomologists to follow the swarm's movements and observe the bees' mating and foraging habits. The transmitter emits an infrared signal that can be detected to a mile away. The



RESEARCH The solar-powered transmitter

company is still testing the tiny bee tracer, which it hopes to sell to the Agriculture Department and other researchers.

INNOVATION

Falling Behind From the Start

Few scientific endeavors have generated more excitement than research into superconductivity, which could lead to marvels like magnetically levitated trains. But U.S. companies may already be in danger of losing the markets for superconductor-based products. Says Senator John Glenn, who unveiled a new report from the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment last week: "As with semiconductors and videocassette recorders, the U.S. appears on the verge of missing opportunities offered by a new technology based on a science in which the U.S. is the pre-eminent leader."

The problem, says the OTA study, is that most U.S. managers, under pressure to show short-term profits, adopt a wait-and-see attitude toward innovation. Meanwhile, their foreign competitors, backed by government support, seek out commercial applications more aggressively. Some proposed solutions: more joint ventures among industrial companies and increased Government funding of commercial development.

A Surging

In film, music, theater, art, design—the Hispanic influence

America, the great receiver. From every culture to arrive within its borders, it embraces some new ingredient. Puritan wrath. Black cool. Irish poetics. Jewish irony. One after another, America draws them down the channels of its awareness and puts them into play in new settings. They collide and cross-pollinate and mix it up, nowhere more so than in the arts and popular culture. Sparks fly at the meeting points. The Jewish novel works variations on the keynotes of Puritan gloom. The western is re-seen through John Ford's Irish eyes. Sinatra meets Duke Ellington. Every offering is admitted and set dancing with new partners. It may be better to give, but it's a lot more fun to receive.



Nowadays the mainstream is receiving a rich new current. More and more, American film, theater, music, design, dance and art are taking on a Hispanic color and spirit. Look around. You can see the special lighting, the distinctive gravity, the portable wit, the personal spin. The new marquee names have a Spanish ring: Edward James Olmos, Andy Garcia, Maria Conchita Alonso. At the movies, the summer of *La Bamba* gave way last year to the autumn of *Born in East L. A.*; now the springtime of *Stand and Deliver* blends into the summer of *Salsa*. On the record charts the story is the same: Miami Sound Machine, Los Lobos, Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam. The rhythm is gonna get you.

An equivalent Latino surge is reaching the higher



cultural circles. The art world is opening its eyes to Hispanic artists whose work, sharp and full throated, owes its strength to aesthetic intelligence, not ethnic scenery. Meanwhile, Latino playwrights are supplying off-Broadway and the regional theaters with new voices. And while the great Hispanic-American Novel is still waiting to be written, the splendid figures of Latin American literature—Gabriel García Márquez,

Mario Vargas Llosa, Carlos Fuentes—are being translated straight into the American literary fabric, not to mention the best-seller lists.

Then there are the developments that are harder to pin down, the Latin flavors and inflections conveyed through all the intricate paths of daily life, in the offerings at table or the bolero curve of a woman's jacket. You can't walk down the street without running into them. On the corner where the disco used to be, a Latin-beat club; kids hip hop on floors that withstood the bump. For lunch, a burrito. What's that in the salad? It's jicama. (Say *hee-ca-ma*.) Things that once seemed foreign now seem as American as . . . a burrito. With each fresh connection tastes are being rebuilt, new understandings concluded. The American mind is adding a new wing.

Yes, but is this really new? Was there ever a time without a Mexican spitfire in the movies, a hacienda-style suburb down the road, a Latin crooner singing



New Spirit

exploding into the American cultural mainstream

Cuando Cuando to the stars? And in the past hasn't the U.S. joined the conga line, bought the Trini Lopez album, then moved on heedlessly to something else? It has and it did. But this time the prospects are different. Latin influences that were once just a

pinch of spice for most Americans are bidding to become a vital part of the wider culture.

Demographics are the main reason. The number of Hispanics in the U.S. has increased 30% since 1980, to 19 million. They account now for about 7.9% of the nation's population. Most trace their roots back to Mexico (63%), Puerto Rico (12%) and Cuba (5%); the

rest to the nations of Central and South America and the Caribbean. By the year 2000 their numbers are expected to reach 30 million, 15% of the whole. And roughly one-third of all U.S. Hispanics intermarry with non-Hispanics, promising the day when the two cultures will be as tightly entwined as a strand of DNA.

Another reason is more subtle. The creative work being done by Hispanics today is more than ever recognizable to Americans as the work of, well, Americans—Hispanic Americans. Paintings and music that spring from Latin sources are being filtered through a north-of-the-border sensibility. As in *La Bamba*: its story of Chicano life is told through myths of immigrant struggle and showbiz martyrdom that were born in the U.S.A. Increasingly,

too, Hispanic artists and entertainers are courting the mass audience in English. Many of the nation's Latino theaters perform in English only. "I don't want to be a good Hispanic theater," says Max Ferrá, Artistic Director of Manhattan's predominantly English INTAR Hispanic American Arts Center. "I want to be a very good American theater." After writing two books in Spanish, Novelist Roberto Fernández has just published his first in English, *Raining Backwards*, a comic account of Cuban life in Miami. "I did it for the same reason that Miami Sound Machine sings in English," he explains. "I wanted to reach a wider audience."

The greater visibility of Hispanics in the cultural landscape is a reminder that the roots of Spanish culture go deep into American life, especially in that spawning ground of the national self-image, the West. Much of the territory of the Western states, from Texas to California, was held first by Spain, then Mexico. The Spanish names of many Western cities—Los Angeles, San Francisco, Santa Fe—bear witness to the settlements of the early Franciscan friars. The first play on American soil was performed by Spanish colonists in New Mexico in 1598. Yet in the hills of New Mexico and the old mission towns of the Pacific Coast, the descendants of Spanish



settlers who greeted the Anglo pioneers are amused (and sometimes not amused) to find themselves perennially arriving in the national consciousness. As Luis Valdez, writer and director of *La Bamba*, once put it, "We did not, in fact, come to the United States at all. The United States came to us."

Even so, for years most Americans were content to imagine the Latin world as a tropical paradise or a giant border town, a torrid zone just across the line of sexual decorum, that most heavily policed boundary in the American psyche. Though that image is being discarded, it is not going without a fight. In a Miami department store not long ago, the Cuban-born fashion designer



Adolfo, a favorite of Nancy Reagan's, was pained to overhear two women express surprise that he was the creator of a collection that was elegant and simple. "Obviously," he laments, "they just assumed that anything a Cuban designed would be full of neon, sequins and ruffles."

Which is not to say that Hispanic culture is dowdy. (Try telling yourself that after a night at a salsa club.) What it is, however, is diverse and complex, embedded

with traditions inherited from baroque Spain, from the Aztecs and Mayans, from the descendants of black slaves who peopled the Antilles, from the mountainous country of Central America. Each winds its way differently into the American imagination, where it gets put to new uses.

There are the things that come from tropical seabornered places like Puerto Rico, Cuba, the Dominican Republic. African influences are the legacy of the region's old status as a center of the slave trade. They can be heard in the Afro-Caribbean rhythm that the Talking Heads deploy in their new song *Mr. Jones* to pay mock homage to a straitlaced character. No other rhythm would quite do, would say quite the same thing. Why? Because the point is not just to make a danceable cut, but to set up a dialogue between David Byrne's high-strung ironies and the irresistible counterarguments of the beat. That thrumming rhythm says forget the



nerdy options of the industrial world, where the commands of the dollar sign squash the spirit. Why not a world where the brain and the hips are both engaged?

The civilization of Mexico, meanwhile, is undergirded by a powerful Indian legacy. It can be felt in the somber and ceremonial notes of Mexican Catholicism. And it can be felt in the work of a Mexican-American painter like Carlos Almaraz, whose series of car-crash paintings double as jokes about the encounter between Hispanic and Anglo in America. But the paintings are also built on a notion of duality—strangeness and beauty, violence and peace—that has roots in Aztec cosmology, which saw in pairings a sign of balance in the universe.

For all the diversity of Latin cultures, there are also some shared characteristics that bring new inflections to American life. The U.S. is a nation that puts no great premium on the past. Sometimes it seems that the prevailing notion of history is a Top 40 playlist from the 1960s. But Hispanic culture is consumed with the past, on both the personal and historical levels, and drawn to the memory play, the history painting, the musical tradition to accomplish the tasks of recollection. It was only fitting that the actor Edward James Olmos should star in *The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez*, the story of a 1901 confrontation between a Mexican farmer and the Texas Rangers that has lived on ever since as a *corrido*, a story song.



Hispanic life also puts a different stress on the claims of individualism. The arts in America are absorbed by personal experience, the melodrama of the interior life, the spectacle of "me." Hispanic culture offers a counterweight in the claims of community and the shared impulse. You can see those asserting them-



selves in mainstream life through such means as the outdoor murals—acts of public declamation in the tradition of the great Mexican muralists—that are an essential part of the Los Angeles cityscape. Add to that sentiment the claims of family, the primal unit of Hispanic life. The Mexican poet Octavio Paz recently described it. "In the North American ethic" he wrote, "the center is the individual; in Hispanic morals the true protagonist is the family." It shows in the work of a photographer like Tony Mendoza. He sees in his extended Cuban family what it is that sometimes makes them comic, but he also knows that their fate is his, their picture is his own I.D.

So these ingredients of Hispanic feeling are absorbed, along with the Hispanic works that carry them, into the American repertory. In show business they sometimes call this process crossover, the chartmaker's term for the record or film that reaches beyond its expected audience. For many Hispanics, the whole notion is ringed all around with skepticism and mixed feelings. (*Who wants to cross over anyway? You come here.*) Not everyone is crazy about the term Hispanic, which came into vogue in the 1970s and was seized by marketers; it seems to smudge a dozen separate nationalities into an ethnic blur. And a phenomenon made up so heavily of pop charts and box-office receipts is not much help in the struggles against such things as low wages and poor education, the things that count most for Hispanics



still in the barrios. There are misgivings too about the kind of treatment Hispanic life will get from big art galleries and entertainment conglomerates that can grind whole cultures into merchandise. Does anyone really need a sitcom with characters named Juan and Maria mouthing standard



showbiz punch lines? The trick for Hispanic talents these days is to get to the market fresh, not canned.

Always chafing against clichés too narrow to contain them, Hispanics may find their greatest luxury in not being hemmed in by any preconceptions at all. Consider the Los Angeles artist known as Gronk. He has impeccable Chicano credentials: born in 1954 in mostly Chicano East Los Angeles, he was a co-founder in his younger days of an ad hoc group of Latino artists who brought their art to the streets. But all of that was the forcing ground for a talent that resists ethnic labels. His paintings carry echoes of Mexican symbolism, but they also wear the signs of European expressionism, new-wave imagery, old-fashioned camp. And he recalls low- and high-culture influences in his adolescence that are shared by half the Anglo painters in Manhattan. "Daffy Duck on TV in the morning and Camus in my back pocket," as he once described it. Someone like Gronk does not cross over at all. In him, the cultures simply converge.

Maybe convergence is the key. This is not just a box-office phenomenon, after all, but an episode in an ongoing cultural evolution, one in which Americans of all kinds learn to see a bit of Latino within themselves. In that process a Spanish term might help. The word is *corazón*, meaning heart. Let it stand for what is necessary in all relations between the Americans who are not Hispanics and the Americans who are. Their shared history, full of frictions and resentments, marked by episodes of bigotry, exploitation and even bloodshed, might yet become a comedy of reconciliation, but that would take real heart and plenty of it. Not the valentine of pop crooning, not the thumping bag inflated for election years, but the experienced heart—tread marked, willing, unconditional. The one that listens. Because, as they cross over into the American imagination, Hispanics are sending one irresistible message: we come bearing gifts.



—By Richard Lacayo.
Reported by Scott Brown/Los Angeles, Cristina Garcia/Miami
and Edward M. Gomez/New York

MUSIC

Shake Your Body

The "black-bean invasion" arrives: from salsa to hip-hop, Latino sounds go pop

It's the middle of the night. While most of Miami is sleeping, Casanovas, the area's most electric disco, has just received its wake-up call. Attractive young women teeter across the dance floor in vertiginous high heels, their hourglass figures accentuated by off-the-shoulder Lycra tops and tight leather micromini-skirts. Handsome, heavily cologned men in open-neck shirts keep the ladies under close observation, hoping to spot the sideways glance and quick nod that signify a turn on the floor.

Visual signals are everything: hard-pounding loudspeakers woof and tweet to the strains of Tito Puente, Hansel y Raul and Willie Colón. The songs are mostly rhythmically irresistible salsa songs that combine the heady call-and-response of African music with the electronic surge of rock 'n' roll and the glitzy brass of a Big Band. The dancers move to the beat like a snake to the charmer's call: the hotter the tune, the cooler the step as the men expertly guide the women through the twists and curves of the mambo, the cha-cha-cha, the merengue and the rumba.

On this evening, though, the crowd has come for something special. Like

middle-class Italian kids flocking to see Sinatra at Carnegie Hall, the young Cuban Americans have gathered to see the reigning Reina de la Salsa, Celia Cruz, who was entertaining their parents and their parents' parents in the smoky dens and fancy nightclubs of pre-Castro Cuba long before they were born.

With 70 albums and 40 years in the business behind her, Cruz, seventyish, handsome, dark-skinned and wearing a snug, sequined fuchsia gown, gyrates for 90 minutes to the insistent beat of her razor-sharp backup band. At the refrain of her old favorite *Canto a la Habana* (Song to Havana)—"Cuba que lindos son tus paisajes" (Cuba, what beautiful vistas you have)—the bilingual crowd goes wild, even though most of those present have never seen Cuba and have little prospect of ever doing so. "We've never had to attract these kids. They come by themselves," says Cruz. "Rock is a strong influence on them, but they still want to know about their roots. The Cuban rhythms are so contagious that they end up making room for both kinds of music in their lives."

Weaned on Anglophonic rock 'n' roll,



Americans have long been resistant to foreign pop-musical imports whose accents are other than English. ABBA, the Europop megagroup of the '70s, sang in English, not Swedish; Japan's Pink Lady was a bomb in any language. But the Latin sound could be different.

The Miami Sound Machine and its spitfire lead singer, Gloria Estefan, sold 1.25 million albums containing their saucy 1985 hit, *Conga*, which combined American pop with salsa rhythms and established the hybrid "Miami Sound." ("C'mon-shake-your-body-baby-do-the-conga, I-know-you-can't-control-yourself-any-longer.") The song hit the Latin, black, pop and dance charts and made a crossover star of the Cuban-born, Miami-raised Estefan, 30. "Salsa is not so ingrained in me that I can't do a legitimate pop tune or vice versa," says Estefan, who numbers both Cruz and Barbra Streisand among her influences.

Los Lobos, a hard-charging band with roots in East Los Angeles, has broken out of the barrio with gritty albums such as *By the Light of the Moon*, as well as the popular sound track to the hit movie *La Bamba*, the story of '50s Latin Teen Idol Ritchie Valens. The driving melodies and hypnotic rhythms of hip-hop—call it late-teen-pop—crowd the airwaves and the club scenes as one of the country's hottest new types of dance music. The movie *Salsa* has raked in \$8.7 million in domestic box-office receipts since its May release. Record sales of Latin music are up, although the buyers remain predominantly Latino. Still, audiences for such crossover artists as Rubén Blades and Temptress Sa-Fire are increasingly mixed.



LOS LOBOS Out of the barrio with gritty albums and the sound track of *La Bamba*



On Crossover
Street: Estefan

MIAMI SOUND MACHINE

Never heard of Lisa Lisa, Linda Caborallero? Of Willy Chirino or Carlos Oliva? Then boogie on down Crossover Street: Cruz's timeless appeal is spanning generations; younger artists like Chirino and Oliva are fusing classic salsa with rock and American pop; and raven-haired hip-hop sirens have replaced Menudo in the affections of some Latin teens. What the Motown girl groups were to the '60s, Brenda K. Starr, Sweet Sensation and the Cover Girls are to the Nuyoricans of the '80s.

Out West, Los Lobos is welding rock 'n' roll to traditional Mexican forms, jump blues and country-and-western sounds to limn the Mexican immigrant experience in America. Ben Tavera King, 35, a San Antonio guitarist, has fashioned a fresh style that blends Latin inflections, good ole boy strummings and the hypnotic rhythms of New Age. The pleasures of Latino pop are not only musical but also social: "The music affirms their identity," says Maria Cordero-Aranda, 32, a Los Angeles psychiatric social worker of Puerto Rican descent. "It tells them who they are and where they came from."

Mainstream performers, meanwhile, have fallen for the spicy sound. Linda Ronstadt, who has some Mexican ancestry, has had an unexpected hit with *Canciones de Mi Padre*, a collection of Mexican folk songs. "I feel completely enchanted by the music, and I feel very connected to what I am," says Ronstadt, who is backed on her record by the crack Mariachi Vargas de Tecalitlan band. Paul Simon has been flying down to Rio to

work on a new album with Brazilian musicians, much as he employed Ladysmith Black Mambazo on *Graceland*, and both Manhattan Transfer and Songstress Sarah Vaughan have been exploring Brazilian sounds and rhythms.

Indeed, Latin music may finally be breaking out of its old image of a lounge lizard in a frilly shirt pounding a conga drum. "As our numbers and economic power increase, so does the acceptance of our music," says Chirino, whose rock-



CRUZ For 40 years: La
Reina de la Salsa

influenced style is typical of the sophistication and range of the Miami Sound. Observes Cuban Jazz Saxophonist Paquito D'Rivera, whose electrifying flights of improvisational fancy rank as one of music's most thrilling high-wire acts. "The black-bean invasion has arrived."

Just as the term Hispanics embraces everyone from Cuba and Mexico to Tierra del Fuego, so Latino music comprises many different styles. Deep in the Times Square subway station, hard by the rumbling uptown trains and across the way from a hot-dog stand, is the Record Mart, one of Manhattan's leading Hispanic specialty shops. Customers come from all over in search of music from Mexico, Ecuador, Peru and the Caribbean. "What is Latin music? That's like asking 'What is American music?'" says Owner Jesse Moskowitz. "Is it Frank Sinatra, Madonna, bluegrass, Joni Mitchell? Spanish music is exactly the same way."

Despite its sometimes bewildering variety of names and guises, hot Latino pop comes in three basic varieties. First there are the aggressive boy-meets-girl banalities of hip-hop, which dresses up the hard beats of rap music with a glitzy attire of synthesizers, Latin percussion and '70s disco tunes. Then there is the so-called Miami Sound, whose appeal is frankly bicultural. "We blend our roots and music with American rock and jazz, put a little Brazilian samba in and some island sounds, and there you have it," says Oliva, who fronts a band called Los Sobrinos del Juez (the Judge's Nephews). And there is real salsa, old-country music preserved in the persons of Cruz and Puente, known as "El Rey," who have a combined total of more than 80 years in the business.

If hip-hop is Hispanic bubblegum-flavored rap-rock, salsa is a catchall term that became current in the early '70s. Although many national strains have gone into salsa, it is fundamentally based in 18th century Cuba, where African slaves were brought to work the island's sugar plantations and their music was wedded to the dominant Spanish culture. Instrumentation features piano, brass, percussion (like the congas or the timbales), and sometimes even flutes and violins, as well as a lead singer. The rhythm is often complex and layered, but at root there is a steady beat—played *apretado*, or "tight"—and a two-bar structure that makes it pre-eminently danceable. If the mood is right, a salsa song can run on for half an hour. "We Cubans dance at the drop of a hat," notes Estefan. "Our music is a good mix of Latin rhythms and dance music from everywhere."

Big cities with large Hispanic populations such as New York, Miami and Los Angeles have long boasted night spots that cater to a mostly Latin crowd. What's different is that now mixed crowds are gathering at chic bicoastal watering holes,

like Manhattan's newly revived Copacabana, or Los Angeles' ornate, chandeliered Caché, where the dressed-to-kill crowd is sometimes one-fifth Anglo. "Whenever I play, I see that it's not just a completely Latin crowd anymore," says Pete Escovedo, the Mexican-American jazz percussionist and father of Pop Star Sheila E. "It used to be that if you played Latin music, that's all you drew: Latinos."

Whether Hispanic sounds will ever compete on the charts with pop is ques-

tionable. "I don't see Latin music ever becoming mainstream," says Frank Flores, general manager of the Latino station WJLT in New York City. "Our influence will keep going to the mainstream, but it's still going to be Spanish music." Some Latin musicians are worried that every step toward Anglo society is a step away from their culture's roots; one player's progressivism is another's sellout. "The Latin market is our bread and butter, and we can't ignore them," says Raúl Alfonso of Hansel y

Raul, a straight-ahead salsa band that is trying to broaden its appeal with an upcoming record in English. But pop music has always been an indiscriminate buccaneer, hijacking European, American and African treasure alike, mutating it and selling it around the world. Now it may be the Hispanics' turn. In the global village called the U.S., Latin pop's opportunity is as equal as anybody's. —By Michael Walsh.

Reported by Cristina Garcia/Miami, with other bureaus

Of Ghosts And Magic

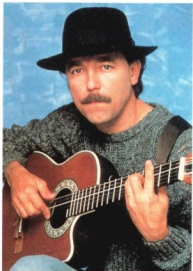
Rubén Blades sings for hearts that need no visa

He will not turn 40 until July 16, but Rubén Blades has already given himself the perfect birthday present. Anyone who wants is welcome to share it too. It was an early gift—showing up, as it did, some four months before the big day—but it casts a wider glow than a forest of candles planted on a piece of pastry. Blades went out and made himself a great record.

He has done this before, but always in Spanish. *Nothing But the Truth* is his first record in English, and, with collaboration from the likes of Elvis Costello, Sting and, most formidably, Lou Reed, he has fashioned eleven songs that range wide and pierce deep, all sharing a similar theme. "Violence is love gone crazy" is the way he puts it, with the same snazzy elan and offhand humor that make him such an affable and adept screen actor. He seems easy with it all: sweeping rock, laid-back jazz, Latin-inflected pop. Recently he reflected on the album on a film set in Hamilton, Mont., where he is starring in a caper comedy called *Waiting for Salazar*. (Acting, Blades insists, is merely a way of subsidizing his musical career.) "There are eleven different styles of songs on this record," he says. "I wanted to present a whole fabric of different colors and sounds and put them together on a record the way I remembered radio to be when radio played all different kinds of music."

A perfect record. And it creates the perfect, paradigmatic problem: Where's the audience? Radio, like music generally, is tightly stratified, and Blades has brought off a singular aesthetic victory. But who will hear it? Who will play it? Previously, albums by the Panama-born Blades were recorded in Spanish and aimed at a Spanish-speaking audience.

By making *Nothing But the Truth* in English, he has risked losing his core audience while still seeming perhaps too ethnic to a wider, whiter one. The record has not hatched a hit, and up till now has sold a modest 100,000 copies. It has also created a tactical problem: "How do we work it out so I can ad-



BLADES More "meet half-way" than crossover

dress both Anglo and Latin audiences?"

Such are the frustrations—indeed, perils—of panculturism. Blades is particularly articulate about them not only because of his fluent English and a rather startling academic background (he has a 1974 law degree from the University of Panama and a 1985 master's in international law from Harvard), but also because the problem weighs heavily on a heart that looks to a "society that will be more integrated and fair, where character will be the most important thing, where hearts don't require visas." He says his record wasn't an attempted crossover, but "more like a 'meet half-way.' People can relate to any music on earth provided they have a shot at listening to it."

Nothing But the Truth is as clear a shot as anyone could hope for. It is an album of governed passion about matters of conscience and matters of the heart, and although there are specific references to Central America, there are evocations too of New York City, where Blades (who also keeps modest residences in Los Angeles and Santa Barbara with his wife Lisa) has a small apartment. Whatever their locale, Blades' songs are full of casual magic. "Latinos are not afraid of the absurd," he likes to say. "Europeans had to invent the absurd, but we live in it." He speaks almost offhandedly of moving from a boyhood home because his grandmother Emma believed it was rife with ghosts. That kind of everyday enchantment colors his music, as does the hard and tough rhythm of *la esquina*—"you know, the corner where people hang out. But when I was younger, I knew intuitively that the reason salsa or Afro-Cuban music had become stagnant was that the themes were limited. The ballad had never moved from the corner."

Blades has been instrumental in finding broader roots to nurture and figure the music, even if he hasn't yet figured out how to take his show on the road. When he finishes his current movie role, he will probably take a Latin band on tour, and do a few of the "most accessible" English songs for audiences of... well, of those who do not require visas for their hearts. Meantime, keep in mind those jukeboxes down in Panama. Blades talks about them sometimes, great musical op-art extravaganzas all swathed in barbed wire. He says that's done to keep them intact during brawls. But in Panama or South Philly, jukeboxes have another kind of barbed wire around them, invisible and formidable, meant to keep the music unchanged. And if there is anyone around who can take that wire down, it's Rubén Blades.

Oh, yes. His last name, in Spanish, is two syllables; it would rhyme with *quó vadis*. In English, it can be said shorter, just like what comes out of the handle of a knife. Either way, it's fitting. And it sounds right in either language.

—By Jay Cockles.
Reported by Denise Worrell/Hamilton


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Photographed by Stephen Wilkes for the Magazine Publishers of America, © 1988

Why did "Company A" have breakfast with "Bank B"? Maggie tells me.

LANGUAGE

Spanglish Spoken Here

A hybrid lingo breaks grammatical rules but works

In Manhattan a first-grader greets her visiting grandparents, happily exclaiming, "Come here, *¡síntate!*" Her bemused grandfather, who does not speak Spanish, nevertheless knows she is asking him to sit down. A Miami personnel officer understands what a job applicant means when he says, "*Quiero un part time.*" Nor do drivers miss a beat reading a billboard alongside a Los Angeles street advertising CERVEZA—SIX-PACK!

This free-form blend of Spanish and English, known as Spanglish, is common linguistic currency wherever concentrations of Hispanic Americans are found in the U.S. In Los Angeles, where 55% of the city's 3 million inhabitants speak Spanish, Spanglish is as much a part of daily life as sunglasses. Unlike the broken-English efforts of earlier immigrants from Europe, Asia and other regions, Spanglish has become a widely accepted conversational mode used casually—even playfully—by Spanish-speaking immigrants and native-born Americans alike.

Consisting of one part Hispanized English, one part Americanized Spanish and more than a little fractured syntax, Spanglish is a bit like a Robin Williams comedy routine: a crackling line of cross-cultural patter straight from the melting pot. Often it enters Anglo homes and families through the children, who pick it up at school or at play with their young His-

panic contemporaries. In other cases, it comes from watching TV; many an Anglo child watching *Sesame Street* has learned *uno dos tres* almost as quickly as one two three.

Spanglish takes a variety of forms, from the Southern California Anglos who bid farewell with the utterly silly "*hasta la bye-bye*" to the Cuban-American drivers in Miami who *parquean* their *carros*. Some Spanglish sentences are mostly Spanish, with a quick detour for an English word or two. A Latino friend may



cut short a conversation by glancing at his watch and excusing himself with the explanation that he must "*ir al supermarket.*"

Many of the English words translated in this way are simply handier than their Spanish counterparts. No matter how distasteful the subject, for example, it is still easier to say "income tax" than *impuesto sobre la renta*. At the same time, many Spanish-speaking immigrants have adopted such terms as VCR, microwave and dishwasher for what they view as largely American phenomena. Still other English words convey a cultural context that is not implicit in the Spanish. A friend who invites you to *lonche* most likely has in mind the brisk American custom of "doing lunch" rather than the

languorous afternoon break traditionally implied by *almuerzo*. Mainstream Americans exposed to similar hybrids of German, Chinese or Hindi might be mystified. But even Anglos who speak little or no Spanish are somewhat familiar with Spanglish. Living among them, for one thing, are 19 million Hispanics. In addition, more American high school and university students sign up for Spanish than for any other foreign language.

Only in the past few years, though, has Spanglish begun to turn into a national slang. Its popularity has grown with the explosive increases in U.S. immigration from Latin American countries. English has increasingly collided with Spanish in retail stores, offices and classrooms, in pop music and on street corners. Anglos whose ancestors picked up such Spanish words as *ranchito*, *branco*, *tornado* and *incomunicado*, for instance, now freely use such Spanish words as *gracias*, *bueno*, *amigo* and *por favor*.

Among Latinos, Spanglish conversations often flow easily from Spanish into several sentences of English and back

again. "It is done unconsciously," explains Carmen Silva-Corvalan, a Chilean-born associate professor of linguistics at the University of Southern California, who speaks Spanglish with relatives and neighbors. "I couldn't even tell you minutes later if I said something in Spanish or in English."

Spanglish is a sort of code for Latinos: the speakers know Spanish, but their hybrid language reflects the American culture in which they live. Many lean to shorter, clipped phrases in place of the longer, more graceful expressions their



parents used. Says Leonel de la Cuesta, an assistant professor of modern languages at Florida International University in Miami: "In the U.S., time is money, and that is showing up in Spanglish as an economy of language." Conversational examples: *taipiar* (type) and *wishi-wiper* (windshield wiper) replace *escribir a máquina* and *limpiaparabrisas*.

Major advertisers, eager to tap the estimated \$134 billion in spending power wielded by Spanish-speaking Americans, have ventured into Spanglish to promote their products. In some cases, attempts to sprinkle Spanish through commercials have produced embarrassing gaffes. A Braniff airlines ad that sought to tell Spanish-speaking audiences they could settle back *en* (in) *luxuriant cuero* (leather) seats, for example, inadvertently said they could fly without clothes (*encuero*). A fractured translation of the Miller Lite slogan told readers the beer was "Filling, and less delicious." Similar blunders are



often made by Anglos trying to impress Spanish-speaking pals. But if Latinos are amused by mangled Spanglish, they also recognize these goofs as a sort of friendly acceptance. As they might put it, *no problema*.

—By Janice Castro.
Reported by Dan Cook/Los Angeles and Cristina Garcia/Miami



SHOW BUSINESS

Burning with Passion

Despite a low-key exterior, Edward James Olmos ignites the screen

He's a samurai, a warrior, very principled and loyal. But there's also the dark side—the ninja—in him. He knows he can use his powers in negative ways. His voice is very Zen.

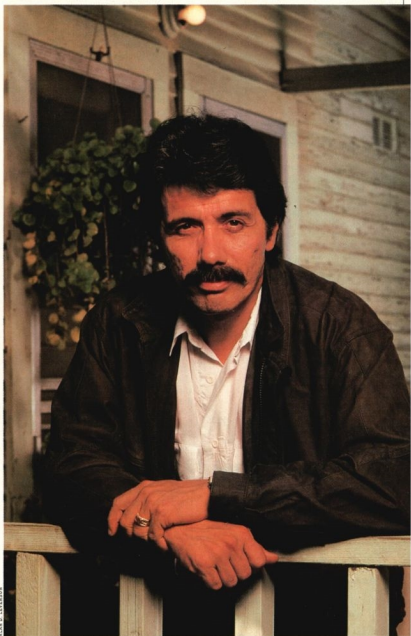
—Edward James Olmos on *Miami Vice's* Lieut. Martin Castillo

The entertainment program at the penal institution for youth outside Los Angeles is nearly over when the emcee introduces the show's biggest attraction. "We now have the man who plays Lieut. Castillo on *Miami Vice*," he begins, and a few of the couple of hundred so-called wards, most of whom are in their teens and early 20s, start to applaud. As Edward James Olmos, award-winning actor and star of the film *Stand and Deliver*, walks down the aisle, some of the men reach out to shake his hand, while others stare stiffly ahead. Dressed casually in a black leather jacket and pleated pants, Olmos gazes out at the sea of mostly brown and black faces, appearing taller than his 5 ft. 10 in.

"How many of you guys think I'm smarter than you?" he asks. Half the wards raise their hands. "I ain't smarter than anyone here, man," says Olmos, suddenly injecting street slang into his normally impeccable English. "I may have developed my brain a little more in high school, but I think we're pretty equal. I grew up in East L.A., just a few miles from here. You might say I was lucky. And I was. But I made a choice. I chose to start acting. I didn't come out of my mother's womb saying"—and now he introduces a heavy Spanish accent—"To be or not to be... that is the question."

Olmos pauses to let the laughter die down. His jive, cajoling pep talk has begun to win the men over, but more important, he has convinced them that he really *cares*. The impression is no public relations put-on. Deeply committed to helping the down-and-out, Olmos for the past ten years has taken his rap to hospitals, schools, Indian reservations, detention centers, libraries and veterans hospitals across the country. "It's addictive," he explains. "A few hours of energy come back in waves for years. It's a wonderful feeling to make people forget about themselves. It's real soul food for me."

Olmos, who is 41, is getting plenty of



nourishment these days. Nine years after he earned a Tony nomination and L.A. Drama Critics award for his portrayal of the streetwise El Pachuco in Luis Valdez's *Zoot Suit*, he is being touted for an Oscar nomination for his riveting performance in *Stand and Deliver*. Based on a true story, the film depicts three years in the life of a Bolivian-born math teacher named Jaime Escalante, who in 1982 helped 18 of his students at East Los Angeles' gang-ridden Garfield High pass the Education-

al Testing Service's advanced placement test in calculus. After the ETS suggested that the students had cheated, Escalante protested. He was vindicated when all the students who retook the test passed with comparable or better scores.

Stand has grossed \$13 million, more than nine times as much as its initial cost—not spectacular, but more than respectable for a movie that probably would not have been made five years ago. The film never dilutes its simple, tough-love

message. Olmos, by turns funny and bold, is utterly convincing as Escalante, a stubborn optimist who refuses to compromise his ideals or lower his sights, exhorting his charges sotto voce to put two and two together and learn their way out of the barrio.

But *Stand and Deliver* is more than a simple parable of effort rewarded. Even more than *La Bamba*, it has sent a jolt of hope and renewed self-esteem through Hispanic communities across the country. As the news about the film has spread, Olmos and Escalante have become role models for millions of Hispanic Americans, living proof that with the requisite amount of what Escalante calls *ganas* (desire), they can lift themselves out of the barrio and become teachers, mathematicians, movie stars—anything they want. Olmos is "very inspirational, a real hero to the Hispanic community," observes Producer Motesuma Esparza (*The Milagro Beanfield War*, *The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez*). "He not only has star quality, but belief and drive."

Olmos' galvanizing portrayal only confirms what his fans have known for a long time: he is not only possibly the best Hispanic-American actor of his generation, but one of the best performers working today. His characters are fueled by a highly controlled intensity. Playing the teacher in *Stand and Deliver* or Lieut. Castillo in *Miami Vice*, he holds in his energy, radiating it through a laser-beam stare. He is every minority rebel putting his fireworks on a long fuse. In a few roles—the strutting El Pachuco in *Zoot Suit* or the crazed, canine avenger in *Wolfen*—Olmos cuts loose and explodes with more than his eyes. Nostrils flare, teeth flash, the body language becomes incendiary.

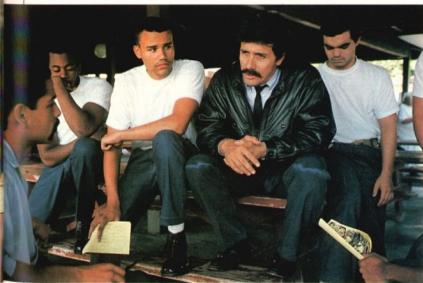
Like his grandly obsessive contemporaries Robert De Niro and Dustin Hoffman, Olmos is a demon for authenticity. To play Escalante, he altered himself physically, gaining 40 lbs. and enduring a tedious makeup process daily to create a balding pate over his thick hair. The actor also spent hundreds of hours studying Escalante's speech patterns on recorded tapes and observing the teacher's mannerisms and personal habits both during and after school hours. "He even wanted to move in with Jaime," recalls the movie's director, Ramon Menendez, "but Escalante's wife wouldn't allow it."

OLMOS

On the porch of his boyhood home; biking in Encino; conducting a rap session at a California youth correctional center



STANLEY KUBRICK



JOHN H. JOHNSON

Olmos pursues his goals with extraordinary concentration. When major studios were reluctant to distribute 1982's *The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez*, he boldly insisted until they caved in. "The odds were against us," recalls *Cortez* Director Robert Young. "But Eddie believed we could make it work, and we did." More recently, the actor has been negotiating with several major U.S. corporations to make copies of *Stand and Deliver* available to every library, school and boy's and girl's club in the country.

Where does Olmos get off thinking he can change the world single-handedly? "I

always questioned authority," he says. "I wanted to make sure that the rules in my game were wide open—new, clean, fresh, redefined every time so I could keep growing. I was always ambitious. I had a sense of possibility."

The roots of that confidence lie just a few miles from the gates of Garfield High, in the Boyle Heights section of East Los Angeles. "Boyle Heights was the Ellis Island of the West Coast," says Olmos, "and I thought that was what the world was like. On our small lane we had a Hispanic family with 13 kids, Native Americans, Koreans, Chinese, Mexicans, Rus-

sians. It was a fantastic environment."

The Olmos family history is almost as colorful. Olmos' maternal great-grandparents were, as he puts it, "major" Mexican revolutionaries—journalists who owned the leading radical newspaper in Mexico City before moving to Los Angeles. Olmos' mother Eleanor Huizar met Pedro Olmos, a young businessman, while visiting Mexico City. The couple married and raised three children: Peter, now 44, Edward and Esperanza, 38.

Olmos, who grew up with an extended family in a small house on Cheesbrough's Lane, still has fond memories of life in the barrio. During a visit to his old neighborhood, he pauses before a vacant lot bordered by a garbage dumper and two dilapidated cars. "Coming back really tore me up," he says. He would like to turn his great grandparents' old wood-frame house into a museum "not out of ego, but to show kids that starting from here, they can go anywhere they want." Yet it took him a while to find his own path. When Olmos was eight, his parents were divorced. It was a painful time, and Eddie took refuge from the street gangs and drugs by concentrating on baseball. It was also a way of sidestepping the legal arrangement that restricted his father to only eight hours with young Eddie every 15 days. "My dad couldn't come to the house, but he could come to the ball park," says Olmos. "At every game I ever played, he was there."

Meanwhile, the Golden State batting champ had been seduced by a new love: music. Olmos taught himself to sing and play the piano and, by 1961, was good enough to join a band called the Pacific Ocean. Sporting hair down to his waist, Olmos was the group's lead vocalist. "I was a terrible singer," he admits, "but, boy, could I scream and dance!"

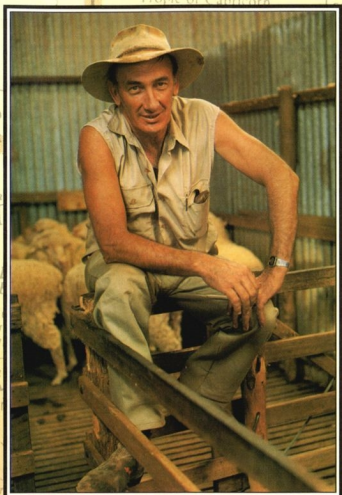
By the mid-'60s, Olmos was making his way in two worlds. By day he attended East Los Angeles College and California State University, and by night he performed—sometimes till past dawn—with the Pacific Ocean, then the house band at Gazzarri's nightclub on Sunset Strip. He began taking acting classes to improve his show. "I started acting to learn how to become a better singer," he says. "Then the whole thing switched on me. I discovered that the spoken word is easier to project than the sung word."

One night a young woman called Kaija Keel walked into Gazzarri's with a girlfriend who had dated Olmos. The daughter of Actor Howard Keel, Kaija (pronounced *Ki-ya*) had just ended a romance with her high school sweetheart, Actor Jeff Bridges. Olmos found himself drawn to Kaija's "frankness and tremendous sense of independence."

Eddie, a long-haired Chicano rocker,



Law-and-order: Olmos as Lieut. Castillo with Co-Star Don Johnson in *Miami Vice*; as Calculus Teacher Jaime Escalante in *Stand and Deliver*



Undaunted by the
devil's heat of a remote
outback sheepstation,
with hundreds of miles
to his next post, the
sheepshearer is ever on



the move:
a rugged,

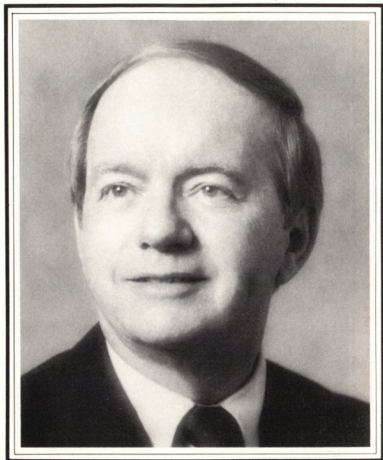
free-spirited folk hero,
long celebrated in
Australian lore.

QANTAS
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and Kaija, the daughter of a famous actor, had a hard job convincing both their families that they had a future together. "I was Guess Who's Coming to Dinner before the movie appeared," grins Olmos. "It was quite a dinner. They served artichokes, and I'd never eaten one." Even after the couple was married in a small ceremony in 1971, the Keels "weren't thrilled" by the union, says Kaija. "I was very mad at them for a while, but now that I'm a parent, I can understand. They were worried about me going off so young with a crazy person with no money."

By the time he was 25, Olmos had two sons: Mico, from the Spanish *mi hijo* (my son), and Bodie, named after a ghost town in eastern California. To support his growing brood, he took a job delivering antique furniture between acting and music gigs. By the early '70s, Olmos was landing small parts on shows like *Kojak* and *Hawaii Five-O*, often as bartenders and two-bit hooligans. "I was the only person Jack Lord shot in the back, ever," he notes dryly. "That's how bad I was." Then in 1978, during an audition for a play at Los Angeles' Mark Taper theater, he was asked if he would like to try out for *Zoot Suit*, Luis Valdez's musical drama about the famous "Sleepy Lagoon" case of 1942, in which a group of Hispanic youths were wrongly convicted of a murder.

Olmos was right on the wavelength of "El Pachuco," the strutting, posing, super-macho narrator and mordant conscience of the story. "I spoke in caló, street jive from the streets of East L.A.—a mix of Spanish, English and Gypsy," he says. "They asked me if I could dance, and I hit a perfect set of splits, turning the brim of my hat as I came up." He got the part.

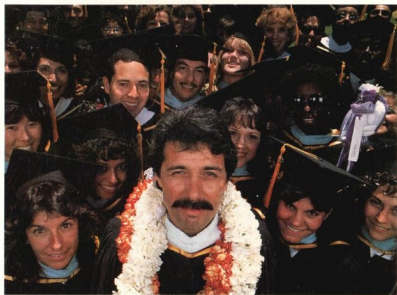
Zoot Suit, which opened in February 1978, was scheduled to run at the Mark Taper for ten days. It ended up playing for a year before moving to Broadway, where it closed after seven weeks. Olmos' disappointment was soothed by a Tony nomination (he had already won a Los Angeles Drama Critics Circle award and a Theater World award) and the chance to star in the film version of the play, which Valdez also directed. Acting roles came in faster after that. *Wolfen* (1981) was followed by *Blade Runner* (1982), in which Olmos played a multiethnic in the year 2019, who he explains, "had German blue eyes, Japanese-slanted eyes, Chinese yellow skin and spoke ten languages fluently."

Olmos' next role was as star of a PBS special, *The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez*, a true story about a Mexican cowhand who became the object of one of the biggest manhunts in Texas history, all because of an incorrectly translated word. He threw himself into the part with characteristic fervor, studying old newspaper clippings and photographs for clues to Cortez's inner state. The most audacious touch, perhaps, was the decision to have Cortez

speak Spanish throughout the movie—no subtitles. "I wanted to put non-Spanish speaking viewers in the same predicament as the law-abiding citizens of that community," says Olmos. "I wanted the audience to be in the shoes of Gregorio Cortez."

And he wanted that audience to be enormous. "After the movie aired on American Playhouse, everybody was ready to put it to bed," recalls Tom Bower, a friend of Olmos' who plays the interpreter in *Cortez*. "For Eddie, it was just the beginning." Olmos devoted an extraordinary five years to making and pro-

duce a line he did not think believable prompted Telly Savalas to call him a "prima donna." This intractability came to the fore when Producer Michael Mann called Olmos in 1984 and asked him to take the role of Lieut. Martin Castillo on a new show called *Miami Vice*. "I told him I couldn't do it," recalls Olmos. "It wasn't that I didn't need it. As it was, my wife and I couldn't go out to dinner or to shows. But I didn't want to tie myself down." Mann called back three more times. "He kept increasing the offer," says Olmos, "promising more money than I'd made in a lifetime for one year's work."



Local hero: Olmos surrounded by graduating students after delivering the keynote address at California State University, Los Angeles

moting *Cortez*, and the effort took a heavy emotional and financial toll. At one point, friends held a fund raiser to help with his travel expenses. Passing up potentially lucrative parts in such films as *Scarface*, *Firestarter*, *Band of the Hand*, *Streets of Fire* and *Red Dawn* put a severe strain on the family budget as well.

Meanwhile, Olmos had been getting a reputation for inflexibility, an actor who tended to ruffle feathers on the set. During a *Kojak* appearance, his reluctance to

On the fifth call Olmos accepted, but only after he had won creative control of the character and the option to do outside work.

It took several episodes of *Vice* before Castillo, a taciturn cop with a painful past, caught on with viewers. "When we ran *The Golden Triangle*—the 13th show—my character went through the roof," Olmos says. "People started to understand that this was a man who had suffered. A man who has been wounded. And they began to realize why he was that way." In 1985 the increasingly visible star walked off with an Emmy for Best Supporting Actor in a drama series and the next year won a Golden Globe as well. Though he has no plans to quit *Vice*, he agrees with critics who say that the quality of the scripts has deteriorated. Says he: "The show was victimized by its success."

There are those who fear that the same fate could eventually befall Olmos, that he is simply spreading himself too thin. The actor's tendency to put himself

"I was Guess Who's Coming to Dinner before the movie appeared. It was quite a dinner. They served artichokes, and I'd never eaten one."

on the line—both on the set and on the street—is motivated by a feeling that he has to maintain his personal code of honor in a corrupt world. Olmos locked horns with Director Menendez on the set of *Stand and Deliver* by insisting that the film be accurate to the Escalante story in every respect. Moreover, the echoes of *Miami Vice* keep recurring in his personal and professional life. Like Lieut. Castillo, Olmos has always wrestled with the ninja in himself, walking the thin line between dedication and self-denial, success and prideful penury. "You have to be able to say no to fame and fortune, before you receive it, to be able to say no again when you get older," he states in Castillo's stern monotone. "If not, you won't have the strength and the courage to do it. The intent must be pure."

"Success, much more than failure, really bounces you around," observes Bower, who has known Olmos since 1981. "Eddie's still trying to find a way to balance his time and priorities, giving back to his family in ways that aren't frivolous." One of those ways is by spending as much time as possible with Kaija, 38, and his sons, now twelve and 15, at the island house they own off the coast of Florida and at their recently purchased ranch-style home in Encino, Calif. Though both boys have had small featured roles in their dad's movies, Olmos takes great pains to keep them out of the celebrity spotlight. "Everyone could always do better," Olmos says. "But I think I spend a good deal of time with my kids. I think I'm a good father."

Kaija has found that being the wife of a Hispanic-American hero is not an easy role either. Besides managing the household, Kaija helps her husband screen scripts, answer fan mail and deal with a veritable flood of charity requests. "The past two years have been tough on me," she admits. "I get very lonely when he's out of town, and we never have enough time alone." Despite such gripes, Kaija remains "in love with the man, hook, line and sinker." Says she: "Husbands seem to be a disposable commodity in this day and age, but Eddie's like family to me. Like a brother. And you don't divorce your brother."

When not acting or on a speaking tour, Olmos likes to unwind by cruising in his 26-ft. Wellcraft speedboat, listening to music—from the Doors and Steely Dan to Luciano Pavarotti—or just driving around in his Porsche. His favorite form of recreation, however, is going on long bike rides with his sons, who are both committed

triathletes. Astride his extra-lightweight "Jan Le Grand" racer, which was specially made for him by a Miami bike shop, Olmos cycles with his boys as often as five times a week, when his schedule permits. The three usually limit their tours to 18 or 20 miles, though they have been known to pedal as far as 60 miles in a single day.

Olmos paid homage to a different sort of endurance while speaking last month at a graduation ceremony at California State University, Los Angeles. During his speech, on the value of higher education, he asked the graduating students how

the optimist, he shoots high rather than low, striving for the stamina of the long-distance runner. "Every morning, I try to say a thanks just for waking up," says Olmos, who neither drinks nor smokes. "I feel so happy, so blessed. This isn't an industry made for faces like mine, yet I'm a matinee idol. Not in the romantic sense, but in the sense that people are paying to see me."

Thanks in part to the million dollar-plus annual salary he receives for *Vice*, Olmos has also begun to realize the goal of developing his own films. After *Gregorio Cortez*, he teamed up with Bob Young to form YOY Productions. YOY has several movies planned, among them *The Miracle*, about a love relationship between a Central-American revolutionary and a priest, and *Birds of Paradise*, a psychological drama set in Papua New Guinea that Olmos describes as a "cross between *African Queen* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*." Also in the planning stages: an adaptation of Cervantes' *Don Quixote* directed by Young and starring Olmos as the man of La Mancha. Says he: "I want to play Don Quixote so bad I can taste it."

Yet Olmos is no impossible dreamer when it comes to Hollywood's new receptivity to Hispanics, which he regards as a direct result of market forces. "The industry is run on economics," Olmos observes. "It knows only one color: green. There's prejudice, sure. But economics makes it go away."

Despite such caveats, Olmos is proud of the generally high quality of the current Hispanic-themed films and looks forward to the day when Hispanics will be contending for classic roles, playing a Hamlet or a Stanley Kowalski. "Images are changing," he says. "There are more opportunities for Hispanics now, even more than two years ago."

Like any Hollywood animal, Olmos thinks on a grand scale, in broad, confident strokes. It is not inconceivable that he might play Hamlet or Kowalski. Or he might take on heroes like Coriolanus or Willy Loman. But consider this option: suppose he decided to develop a movie, Spielberg-style, about a Hispanic family in the suburbs, coping the American way. Instead of a tragic figure, he would be playing Eddie Average. (Then perhaps Eddie II and III). It would be *Close Encounters* of a fresh new kind, and the vast audience watching the melodrama might also start to recognize a little bit of Latino in themselves.

—By Gay D. Garcia.

Reported by Elaine Dutka/Los Angeles



Two-part harmony: Olmos, who taught himself to play the piano, strikes a domestic note with Wife Kaija in Miami

many had parents who had never graduated from high school. When some 30% stood up, he congratulated them for "breaking the chain" and said he hopes to return next year to his alma mater to finish his own education. Olmos, who dropped out shortly before graduating, added that he is planning to re-enroll at Cal State with the intention of getting his B.A. and possibly going on for higher degrees.

Whether or not Olmos makes good on his pledge is almost beside the point. Ever

"Boyle Heights was the Ellis Island of the West Coast, and I thought that was what the world was like. It was a fantastic environment."



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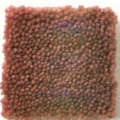
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ART

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Hispanic art celebrates a diverse ethnic spirit

Mainstream American museums have only just begun to accept that in contemporary American culture, there are many houses. Even today this recognition is not shared by everyone. But the situation has certainly improved since 1969, when New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art mounted its hideously condescending exhibition "Harlem on My Mind." Back then the Met confidently declared that spending \$5,544,000 on Velázquez's portrait of Juan de Pareja, his dark-skinned assistant of presumed Moorish ancestry, would improve the self-esteem of the museum's black and Hispanic public.

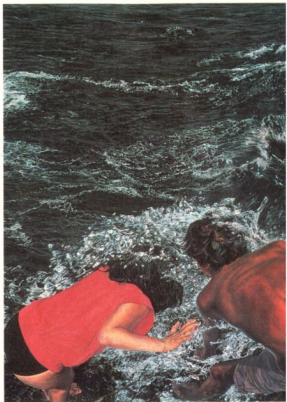
Institutions such as the long-established Museo del Barrio and the newer Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art in New York City have worked hard (heroically, even, considering the difficulty of funding) to set the work of Hispanic-American artists before the public. And yet there is still a gap, caused by a pervasive institutional nervousness about how to deal with minority culture while maintaining the ideal of purely aesthetic standards. For ethnic art repeats the problems posed for museums by women's art: it is prone to easy stereotyping.

When most non-Spanish speaking Americans hear the words Hispanic art, they think of the Chicano murals in Los Angeles in the '70s and early '80s, noble if garish campesinos brandishing their fists from the concrete walls of storm drains. In fact, some remarkably interesting artists were involved with the Chicano-mural movement. Among them were "Los Four" in Los Angeles: Carlos Almaraz, Gilbert Luján, Frank Romero and Beto de la Rocha. But to suppose that this was the main form of Hispanic expression is rather like imagining that Judy Chicago's *The Dinner Party* is the chief work of art produced by an American woman.

America has no shortage of first-rate Hispanic artists who work out of deep convictions about, and connections to,

VALADEZ

Veritable gorgings on
le merveilleux:
gleaming bodies of
hammerhead sharks float,
as in a dream, in the
big pastel triptych
Beto's Vacation



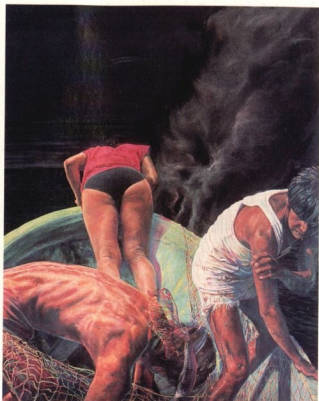
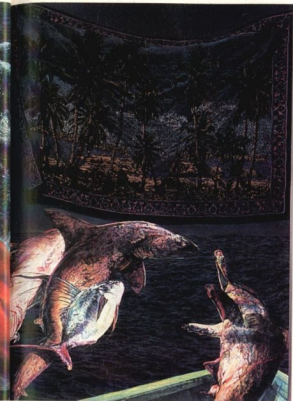
their Latin heritage—artistic, religious and ideological. There are also mediocre ones who use their ethnicity as a lever to induce guilt in curators, if not dealers (who by now are guiltproof). But quite a few excellent painters and sculptors who happen to be Hispanic or black regard "minority" shows as a form of ghettoization. And some of the best, such as the sculptors Robert Graham and Manuel Neri, are virtually invisible—or are not widely thought of as Hispanic at all.

The path of the curator who would mount a serious survey of current Hispanic art is therefore rocky, steep and strewn with thorns. And yet it is unthinkable that serious attempts should not be made. Hence the interest of "Hispanic Art in the United States: Thirty Contemporary Painters and Sculptors," a show of some 180 works that has been on view jointly at the University of Miami's Lowe Art Museum and the Metropolitan Museum and Art Center in Coral Gables, Fla. Curated by Jane Livingston and John Beardsley, the exhibit has already been seen in Houston and Washington; after Miami, through September 1989, it will travel to Santa Fe, Los Angeles and New York City. It is by far the most detailed and serious effort ever made to survey the current painting and sculpture of Hispanic Americans.

To their credit, Livingston and Beardsley have stuck to their guns and striven to choose the art on artistic, not sociological, grounds. One may gripe about the presence or absence of this or that name. (Why, for example, was someone as distinguished and inventive as Puerto Rico's Rafael Ferrer left out?) But, in the main, the show is a real revelation.

Is there such a thing as Hispanic art in America? No, if what you expect is some kind of identifiable, shared Hispanic style; to go prospecting for that between Albuquerque and Miami is like looking for a homogeneous WASP or Jewish style. But the answer is yes if you grant that the cultural and social experience of Hispanic Americans, their history, memories, imagery and lifeways, are different from those of other Americans. Hispanic-American art not only exists, but also provides a powerful means for both the artists and their public to grasp the meanings of their own ethnicity.

As Beardsley points out in the catalog, the search for an identifiable American style was one of the great cultural fantasies of the 1950s and '60s. Once found, it was assumed, such a consensus would enable Americans to pit their art with confidence against the School of Paris. And it was



found in abstract expressionism and then in color-field painting—both high styles and, in theory at least, sociologically neutral. Thus, writes Curator Beardsley, there appeared an “unwritten presumption that the nearer an artist aspires to the level of high art, the more leached out will become the ethnic content of the work.” Hence the peculiarly airless and circular way in which New York City defined itself from about 1965 on as the cultural *caput mundi*, pulling all talent into its gravitational field of orthodoxy, refusing to accord “seriousness” to provincials and barbarians.

This formalist geography lesson could not last, of course. In the '80s it came apart like wet Kleenex. America has no single culture, but *cultures*. And so it should, since diversity is better than monotony. In any case, many ethnic Americans are still exiles within the dominant, white matrix. One painter in this show, Martin Ramirez (1885-1960), epitomized the extreme fate of the Hispanic as outsider. A migrant railroad worker from Mexico, Ramirez lost his powers of speech and became a catatonic schizophrenic in Los Angeles in 1915, was committed in 1930 and spent the last three decades of his life in a California madhouse. There, he drew all the time. One could hardly imagine a more marginal existence, yet Ramirez's drawings are of

phantasmal and sometimes ravishing beauty. One in this show, the tall *Untitled (Tunnels and Trains)* from the 1950s, is so grand in its architecture of repeated curves that it deserves a place in any anthology of American drawing.

A sense of ethnicity confirms belonging; it may not reduce the pain of other-

ness, but it helps one face it. This show is an exaltation, not just a symptom, of diversity. And of course the diversity is internal as well: the artists themselves are a broadly diverse lot.

Reflected in the images of art, this produces a wide spectrum. Some Hispanic artists are, without doubt, socially declamatory: Luis Jimenez's figures of Latino cowboys and migrant workers and their women in the Southwest are imbued with a raucous vitality—Rubenesque honky-tonk. There is what the catalog calls the “obsessive urbanism” of Los Angeles Barrio Painter Frank Romero, for whom the recurrent image of the car, that chariot of the ego, turns up even in toy form in a passionately brushed still life. But then there is internalization too, as in the triptych of self-portraits by the Puerto Rican artist Arnaldo Roche. In Roche's *The Spirit of the Flesh*, *Carving the Spirit of the Flesh*, one seems to witness the progressive disintegration and peeling away of the self under the pressure of some psychic force.



ROCHE

Revealing self-portrait:
The Spirit of the Flesh



ROMERO A barrio painter's passionately brushed still life:
The Closing of Whittier Boulevard

There is much reflection on history, but in very different ways. Félix A. López's powerful religious sculptures, like *San Ysidro*, 1986, are based on the tradition of devotional polychrome bultos that has lasted some three centuries in his native New Mexico. These stiff hieratic forms are carved from cottonwood and then painted with pigments decocted from soot, blood, flowers and ocherous clays he gathers himself. They are rooted in Hispanic folk culture and draw much of their effect from the directness with which they say so.

At the other extreme, the work of Ismael Frigerio, 33, who was born and raised in Chile but now lives in New York City, is haunted by the Spanish conquest of South America in the 16th and 17th centuries, a primal wound that is referred to obliquely but often. Frigerio has not digested all the neoexpressionist devices he uses best, as in *The Lust of Conquest*, 1985-86, but he is an artist of real promise and talent. He gives this reflection of the terrors of the *conquista* a sepulchral dignity: the invaders' dark caravel moored by the bare virgin shore, the snake that stares unblinkingly at the bound and martyred bodies of Indians on their pyre. The latter image is quoted from the work of the late 16th century German engraver Theodor de Bry, who got his bulky, mannerist bodies from Michelangelo.

To the last man and woman, the participants in this show appear possessed by a need for explicit imagery and a belief in

the powers of the icon: no deconstructors or ironists here. The presence of nature is, as one might expect, robust and sometimes very funny, as in the animal carvings of Felipe Archuleta, 78, of Santa Cruz N. Mex., in which the beastly character of each figure (and not some cute anthropomorphic substitute for it) is vividly pre-



served. The Hispanic artists deal with the human figure, as Octavio Paz writes in his catalog introduction, to "exalt it or mutilate it—in either case, transfiguring it."

The result can be overload, paint's equivalent to the excess tropisms in Gabriel García Márquez's prose. There are not just intermittent flashes but veritable gorgings on what surrealism used to call *le merveilleux*, like the gleaming bodies of hammerhead sharks and roosterfish that float, as in a dream, out of the water toward a kitsch tapestry of a Caribbean island in the center panel of John Valadez's big pastel triptych, *Beto's Vacation*. What seems abstract never is. Carlos Alfonzo, 38, a Marielito exile from Havana who now lives in Miami and is perhaps the most gifted young artist in the show, paints somewhat under the influence of Wilfredo Lam. His images seem abstract until one sees how they pululate with emblems of Afro-Cuban religion, amulets against the evil eye and the enemy's tongue, suns, hands, knives, genitals.

"Seek those images that constitute the Wild," wrote William Blake. That is what this show does. Some of it is incoherent, hasty, top-heavy with indulgent fantasy and excess paint. No matter. You still cannot get the good work out of your mind.

—By Robert Hughes

RAMIREZ

Phantasmal and ravishing beauty:
Untitled (Tunnels and Trains)

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CINEMA

Born in East L.A.

Hollywood can be a tough town for non-Anglos

Mama sits in her humble Guatemalan home and spins tales of a promised land she has seen only in the pages of *Good Housekeeping*. In America, she tells her daughter Rosa, you will find money, cars, TV, even indoor plumbing. "You flush it, and everything vanishes!" And so in Gregory Nava's 1983 film *El Norte*, Rosa and her brother Enrique embark on a perilous pilgrimage toward the golden north. When they eventually reach California, they do find honest work and small incomes—the money dreams can buy. But it is a rasping irony to possess so little when surrounded by too much. Up close the dream looks fragile and fraudulent. You crush it, and everything vanishes.

El Norte is not just a parable for immigrant visions crushed by reality. It is a caustic metaphor for Hispanic-American filmmakers lusting to conquer Hollywood. Years of slammed doors have tempered hope with skepticism, even when one smash movie has opened doors a crack. *La Bamba*, a low-budget bio-pic of Chicano Rock 'n' Roller Ritchie Valens, was last summer's surprise hit, earning \$55 million at the North American box office. Maybe Hispanic film artists would prefer to believe in *La Bamba*'s rags-to-riches story. But they know how even that film ends: with a fatal plane crash.

There are, to be sure, reasons to dream. One is the burgeoning Hispanic audience: young, urban moviegoers who prefer American action-adventures to the low-budget Mexican films traditionally shown in Latino theaters. Now Hollywood is catering to this bloc by offering Spanish-subtitled prints of *Rambo III* and *Red Heat*, and the grosses for those theaters have sizzled. "The studios have re-evaluated their outdated perception of the 'ethnic' audience," says Columbia Pictures Executive Katherine Moore. "We now realize that Hispanics aren't a segregated

group that attends only films that relate to them. They're a permanent part of the moviegoing population."

And so, maybe, are Hollywood's Hispanic films. "They're made for a little and make a lot," says Cheech Marin, whose *Born in East L.A.* cost \$5.1 million and grossed \$17.4 million. "In a business where only three out of ten films show a profit, Hispanic films return more on the dollar than their mainstream counterparts." If Hispanic films produce black ink—and they have—studios will take an educated

gamble on making more. As *La Bamba*'s director, Luis Valdez, notes, "There are more projects in the works now than in the rest of the '80s combined."

This spring three films with Hispanic themes opened. *The Milagro Beanfield War*, Robert Redford's \$30 million social fable, may never make its money back. But Ramon Menendez's *Stand and Deliver*, though no blockbuster, is already showing a profit. And *Salsa*, a cheap blend of *West Side Story* and *Dirty Dancing*, made some quick money. Next, Puerto Rican-born Raul Julia, one of the few Hispanics to work regularly and rewardingly on stage and screen, stars with Sonia Braga (Brazil) and Richard Dreyfuss (Brooklyn) in *Moon over Parador*, a satire about South America. Then Julia will play a Salvadoran archbishop in *Romero*. And Christmas brings *The Old Gringo*, from the Carlos Fuentes novel, with Jane Fonda and *L.A. Law*'s Jimmy Smits. Fonda, who calls herself a "premature Latinian," spent eight years

preparing the drama, set on "this scar of a border we share."

There are scars to heal and miles to go before Hispanic-Hollywood assimilation is complete. Begin with the wondrous and confounding diversity of Latin cultures. "Cubans," says Julia, "are as different from Mexicans as French are from Italians." Menendez, Cuban-born, catalogs the differences: "First-generation Mexican Americans are still emotionally connected to their homeland. They want movies that remind them of home. But Cubans don't identify with the underclass. Would you, if you owned Miami?"

This tangle among diverse strands of the Latino community is reflected in the tango of Anglo movie moguls and Hispanic moviemakers. The industry sees its Hispanic films as good deeds with limited commercial prospects, and Hispanic directors worry about making films that are both exemplary and entertaining. The result is an impasse for which, as Casting Director Dan Guerrero notes, "everyone is blaming everyone else. The agent tells an actor, 'I'd submit you, but no one will see you.' The casting director says, 'I'd bring in Hispanics, but no one's submitting them.' The writer says, 'I don't write Hispanic scripts because there's no market.' And the producer says, 'I'd produce a Hispanic film, but there's no material.'"

In the old days things were



LA BAMBA Lou Diamond Phillips and Danielle von Zerneke in the Chicano hit



PARADOR Dreyfuss, Braga and Julia in Paul Mazursky's *Great Dictator* satire

almost better. Compared with Hollywood's caricaturing of other minorities, the industry's treatment of Hispanics was benign. In the silent era of the Latin lover, actors named Ricardo Cortez, Antonio Moreno and Ramon Novarro all wooed Garbo on screen. In the '30s and '40s, Hollywood called on Cesar Romero, Gilbert Roland or Ricardo Montalban for Continental elegance and rewarded them with careers as durable as Corinthian leather. Even those two camp goddesses of the '40s, Carmen Miranda and Maria Montez, did not wallow in the spitfire stereotype so much as they exploded it, with wit and pizzazz.

The era of good feeling ended in the '50s when, ironically, Hollywood got a liberal conscience and concentrated on making amends to blacks. Hispanic roles became rare, and even those tended toward gang lords and victims. Mexican-born Anthony Quinn went abroad to graduate from Frito Bandito roles to stardom in *La Strada* and *Zorba the Greek*. The signal film was *West Side Story*. It said Latinos were no longer domesticated birds of colorful plumage; now they were a social problem, a political cause set to barrio rhythms. What kind of guarantee was that for box-office gold?

So blacks got a brief ride on the B-movie circuit in the '70s (*Shaft*, *Superfly*), and Hispanics got short shrift, even as Mexicans were streaming into California to tend moguls' gardens and kitchens. When Latin actors did seize center screen, it was in art-house fodder like *Alambic*, *Zoot Suit*, *El Norte* and *Crossover Dreams*. These films meant well, but they rarely did well. They staggered under the weight of their liberal messages like a postman with the A.C.U. on his route. So many good intentions were riding on these films that they became morality plays, long on the uplift, short on subtlety or underdog smarts. They sculpted dramatic archetypes into heroic stereotypes—folk art for guilty connoisseurs.

The few films that did get made could hardly support the 1,750 Hispanic members of the Screen Actors Guild. "Movie directors tend to cast people as personalities rather than as actors," says Julia. "For them, you're as good as the last role you played. Or, in the case of Hispanics, as good as the last role you *didn't* play." To a budding star like Andy Garcia, the Cuban-born flamethrower of *8 Million Ways to Die* and *The Untouchables*, that ethnic box is confining: "I didn't take Hispanic Acting 101. I studied Shakespeare."

And if Latino actors have trouble finding jobs, what hope is there for a gifted Latina? "In the '50s," recalls Puerto Rican-born Rita Moreno, 56, who won an Oscar for her work in *West Side Story*. "I was always the Indian maiden—Ju no love Ula no more?"—who knew where the gold was hidden and would throw herself



SALSA On the cheap, some flirty, skirty, dirty dancing

off a cliff to show how important it was to have Protestants love me. Then I got to play the Hispanic woman, perpetually pregnant, abused and abandoned by her husband. Now we've moved a step up: we play the wives of leading actors, home taking care of them instead of having babies and banging on the pipes for more steam heat." One small step for Latin women, one giant step to go. "There's 'manly' stuff for Hispanic males to do, but Hispanic actresses find it hard."

It is harder still for Hispanic artisans. Scan the list of technical credits for *The Milagro Beanfield War*, and, except for that of Co-Producer Mocesuma Esparza,

you will find no Latin names among the top 20 craftsmen. And in the conference rooms where movies get the go-ahead, few Hispanics are more than visitors. "The actors, directors and producers are in place," says Menendez. "The real problem is the lack of powerful Hispanic executives. In Hollywood today, the ethnics have won court-jester status, but we're not in control of what films get made."

One industry executive, sympathetic to minority aspirations, warns that "the moment there's a trend, it's stale. Hispanic films are just a fad that will pass, as all fads do. Whatever the ethnic basis of a movie, it demands a commercially appealing story line. That might not be a concern of Hispanic activists, but it is crucial to the studios." Perhaps surprisingly, Director Menendez agrees. "With the exception of *La Bamba*, most of our films have been a little precious. You have to reach people, and popular art always has more impact on culture than fine art. Who goes to museums these days?"

The challenge for any film artist is to make movies artful enough for a museum and popular enough for the malls. Unless Hispanic Hollywood can embrace those imposing contradictions, as Jimmy Smits says, "we'll just be Ethnic of the Year." But even the smallest smoke signal can mark the way on the road out of the cinema barrio and toward Mama's dream of el Norte. "Hope is a thing with feathers," notes Rita Moreno. "For years we've been picking it up with tweezers and putting it in a little paper bag. I know we haven't arrived yet, but I think we can throw away the tweezers."

—By Richard Corliss

Reported by Elaine Dutka/Los Angeles



WEST SIDE STORY Rita Moreno, the first Hispanic woman to win an acting Oscar, struts her stuff

LIVING

Earth and Fire

Latin flair adds color and spice to American styles



© ROBERT RECK, FROM SANTA FE STYLE, RIZZOLI PUBLICATIONS

The word is *sensibilidad*. It refers to a quality of temperament easier to recognize than define, a spacious basket of subtleties: strength without roughness, pride tempered with humor, a hint of festival, a tinge of tragedy. Like the monolithic term Hispanic, it tends to blur the individual colors of each distinct Latin culture, and yet artists, designers, actors and authors from all corners of Latin culture resort to the word when others fail to capture just what is most infectious about a Latin sense of style.

This *sensibilidad* is changing the way America looks, the way it eats, dresses, drinks, dances, the way it lives. Latin colors and shapes in clothing and design, with their origins deep in the Moorish curves of Spain or the ancient cultures of Central and South America, are now so thoroughly mixed into the mainstream that their source is often forgotten. There seems to be a Taco Bell on every corner, Corona beer in every bar. The First Lady's preferred fashion designer, Adolfo, is Cuban. And out of the crossover into the mainstream come some curious hybrids: bolero jackets with blue jeans, Jalapeño Cheez Whiz, Brie enchiladas and, in Santa Fe, even an adobe McDonald's.

Some observers suggest that Hispanic influence remains fresh and strong in the U.S. because its strains are undiluted. Immigrant groups have often had to renounce their past, relinquish their language and escape from ethnic enclaves in order to make it in America. By contrast, says Thomas

Weyer, author of *Hispanic U.S.A.*, "the Hispanic community wants to assimilate and remain separate at the same time." For many Hispanic Americans, the concept of the melting pot leaves too little room for diversity or identity. Better to live in two cultures simultaneously and enjoy the fireworks when the cultures collide.



Miami: where Arquitectonica's arresting plazas promise sunlight and accessibility

The Santa Fe look: adobe walls that bend, curve and borrow desert colors

Whatever their field, Hispanic artists, designers, chefs and architects are united in their distaste for stereotypes and their appreciation of the richness of the individual cultures that are clustered under the Hispanic umbrella. "Taste is universal," insists Venezuelan-born Fashion Designer Carolina Herrera. "You either have it or you don't." The visions of creative Hispanics, like those of any other artists, are complex and individual. And yet few will deny the abiding presence and influence of a certain shared ... *sensibilidad*.

DESIGN

In recent years, particularly in the South and West, Hispanic decorating styles have spread from ethnic enclave to city center to suburb. Design and architecture magazines and chic boutiques are full of the terra-cotta pots, vivid woven rugs and ceramic tiles of the Santa Fe style, and homebuilders around the country are busy slapping stucco onto plywood and chicken wire to satisfy a growing yen for adobe homes. At the same time, more public buildings are being constructed in a modern flourish on the Old World style of Spain, with arched porticoes, wide, shady courtyards and bubbling fountains. "I like a building that has a lot of ro-

mance in it, that isn't so sterile," says Miami's trailblazing architect Bernardo Fort-Brescia, who grew up in Lima, Peru. "There are moments in a building that seem spontaneous, not so rational and functional. These are the intuitive moments that show the true feelings of the architect."

Some architects suggest that in an era of spare, high-tech homes that feel like the inside of an engine, many non-Hispanics are drawn to an idealized image of a Latin refuge: an environment that is at once welcoming and protective, that holds a bit of history, a lot of family and no sharp edges. Of all the U.S.'s Latino landscapes, perhaps the most haunting is in New Mexico, where Native American, Spanish and eastern-Anglo sensibilities have boiled together in the Southwest sun for the past four centuries. The so-called Santa Fe look, romanced into the mainstream by Ralph Lauren, has turned into the hottest design fad in years. "People naturally want to return to the earth," explains Rachel Elizondo, owner of Santa Fe's Storyteller gallery, a mecca for decorators. "A clay pot built by hand in natural colors is a living thing."

To the extent that anyone can define it, Santa Fe style is largely a matter of shape and shading—the colors of sagebrush and ashes, watery blues and rose and clay. The sand-castle city of its birth is a town without right angles, where whitewashed walls and doorways and fireplaces bend and curve, hand shaped from clay. Sometimes, as translated by non-Hispanic designers like Architect David Kellen, the style becomes an "abstraction of a Mexican type of design."

Natives see a certain irony in the sudden cachet of their homespun style. "Originally people built adobe homes, which are really mud huts, because the materials were cheap and available," explains Santa Fe Architect Michael Bodelson, 33. "It was a vernacular architecture, low technology." These days, he notes in amusement, only the rich can afford to build adobe homes, since authentic construction can add about 15% to 20% to the cost of a comparable wood-frame or brick home.

Not everyone is enamored of the style: Architecture Professor Frank Dimster, at the University of Southern California, calls the Santa Fe look "cinema architecture," an ultimately escapist style designed to comfort rather than challenge. Even some of its champions view its proliferation with alarm. "It's become too much a style," says Kellen, who has begun to shy away from using the Southwestern aesthetic. "A lot of people who don't understand it that well are making a cartoon out of it."

While Southwestern style dominates domestic design, the Moorish arches and walled courtyards of the Southeast are ap-

pearing more and more in public and commercial architecture. From the historic Douglas Entrance to the city of Coral Gables, Fla., to Plaza Guadalupe in San Antonio, the Latin elements promise sunlight and accessibility, a sense of invitation. "I've always liked porches, arcades and transitional spaces that are open on the sides," says Miami Architect Hilario Candela, a partner in what he claims is the largest Hispanic-owned design and construction firm in the U.S. "Most Latin public spaces are essentially gregarious in style. I see it as an outdoor living room without a roof."

Even as Anglo designers reach over to

jackets trimmed in antique Spanish beads, torreador pants and an opulent flower at the shoulder, the look is bold, baroque and, for more and more women, irresistible.

Just as the mention of Coco Chanel conjures up the essence of French style, so does the name Cristóbal Balenciaga evoke Hispanic style. The legendary Spanish designer, who died in 1972, reigned over high fashion from the 1930s to the 1960s with his sleek chemises and pillbox hats. Among his students were Adolfo, Oscar de la Renta, Givenchy, Ungaro and Courrèges. Herrera calls Balenciaga the "greatest designer of all time."



In New Mexico, the ideal Latin refuge: a welcoming and protective environment that holds a bit of history, a lot of family and no sharp edges

borrow from Spanish traditions, many Hispanic designers are seeking to break out of the constrictions of stereotype. Fort-Brescia, 36, and the stars of his 65-member firm, Arquitectonica, have designed some of the most arresting modernist buildings in Miami, Washington and Los Angeles. "I think there is a misconception that Hispanic influence means that everything has to look like Spain did three centuries ago," says Fort-Brescia. "To me it doesn't translate into arched colonnade."

FASHION

In fashion, as in design, the Latin influence lies largely in shape and color, and styles merge from a variety of separate traditions. From lavish dresses full of movement and mythology, bolero

while De la Renta traces his use of ethnic accents to the master's influence: "Balenciaga made the most beautiful folkloric clothes ever made."

Leaving aside the high-profile pantheon of De la Renta, Adolfo and Herrera, some of the hottest young designers are building their collections and reputations around traditional Latin styles. Fernando Sanchez's luxurious lingerie, Isabel Toledo's topstitched, balloon-shaped skirts, Angel Estrada's sexy satin bustiers all have an unmistakable flair that is setting the standard for many designers across the country. "A Latin sensibility in fashion design is apparent in nuances," says Penny Harrison, a co-founder of Hispanic Designers Inc., "in a certain flair, elegance or the use of vivid color."

Among non-Hispanic designers, the popularity of Spanish lines, like the current vogue for Christian Lacroix's exuber-

ance, is in part a reaction against the restrained styles of the past few years. "We went through a period in which we looked very severe," says Karl Logan, a Los Angeles-based designer whose collections have borrowed such Latin touches as high-waisted pants and cropped jackets trimmed with beaded fringe. "People want something that is more refreshing and uplifting," he insists. Young designers of all cultural extractions are working to capture the best elements of Spanish design and create a distinctive, hybrid style. "I try to bring it up to date," says Logan. "None of us wants to go around looking like we're wearing a costume from MGM."

Jessica McClintock, another hot West Coast designer, has also tried to play off of traditional Spanish costumes. "The shapes are stronger but simpler," she says of her silhouettes, "not old-time Spanish with ruffles." Though Latin shapes and detailing are showing up in sportswear lines, McClintock suggests that the richness of Spanish fashion is best reserved for evening wear. "Women are now wearing things that make grand-entrance statements," she says.

And few things do it better than the vibrant Latin palette: jewel colors of ruby, emerald, luscious purples, used with black or mixed together. Ofelia Montejano, 30, an up-and-comer in the Los Angeles fashion world, weaves her favorite colors—fuchsia, chartreuse and orange—into her fabrics with yards of colored ribbon sewn onto black taffeta. "Using bright colors this way draws on my heritage," she says. "When I was a girl in Michoacán, Mexico, I admired the way even the poorest people made use of color. They take raw color and use it in a very honest way."

At the annual gala showing for Hispanic Designers Inc., when the fashion industry examines its bloodlines and reviews its heirs apparent, young Hispanic designers have their chance to shine. Last year's winner of the Rising Star award, Esteban Ramos, 26, wowed the crowd with a Spanish tango collection of ruffled tops and sweeping skirts in periwinkle, mint and peach. For this year's gala, he will feature richer, deeper colors, hand-woven textures and fabric accented with tassels and trims. "Picture a sarape, or Mexican blanket," he says. "That's my theme." Already his vision has caught the eye of the fashion establishment. "If Karl Lagerfeld had designed those dresses,"

said Herrera after seeing Ramos' show-stopping stretch denim minidresses, "they would be the hit of the season."

FOOD

It may be that Americans most often sample foreign cultures through their taste buds. After years of experimentation with burritos and Dos Equis beer, they are

yond Mexican restaurants specifically to include a wide array of bistros, featuring the less familiar cuisines of Nicaragua, Cuba and Colombia.

In the small city of Sweetwater, near Miami, for example, people of all stripes come from miles around to dine at Los Ranchos. Opened in 1981 by Julio So-moza, nephew of the former Nicaraguan President, the elegant establishment is a beef house in the best Latin tradition. The

house specialty: churrasco, a center cut of tenderloin marinated in chimichurri—fresh chopped parsley, olive oil, garlic and spices. On a Saturday night at Versailles, the undisputed palace of Cuban cooking in the heart of Little Havana, Anglo couples slurp mamey milk shakes made from a sweet tropical fruit, while Cuban workmen just off the swing shift savor the fresh roast pork, sweet fried plantains and black beans.

Restaurateurs in other cities are realizing that many jaded urban diners eat out expecting to be entertained and want some spice in their surroundings as well. Richard Melman brings a sense of theater to all his Chicago theme restaurants, from '50s-style Ed Debevic's Short Orders/Deluxe to the Italian Scoozy. His new Cafe Ba-Ba-Reeba!, decorated in a contemporary Spanish style with a cobblestone court, features more than 35 taps served by waiters in punk-toreador coats. "People want to be transported to a party in Spain," says Melman.

Or to a Latin American holiday. Such is the spirit of New York City's hot Cafe Iguana where a 16-foot crystal iguana named Ava garnishes the bar. The restaurant is divided into seven "vacation spots," including a tropical bar complete with a thatched roof. Proprietor Joyce Steins calls the offerings "vacation cuisine, or performance food," with a Tex-Mex accent. An interesting touch: a garnish tray with chopped black olives, onions, pickled carrots, jalapeño peppers, pico de gallo and cilantro is placed on every table. Observes Steins: "Americans crave an alternative to catsup. We place these condiments on the table the same way other restaurants place salt and pepper."

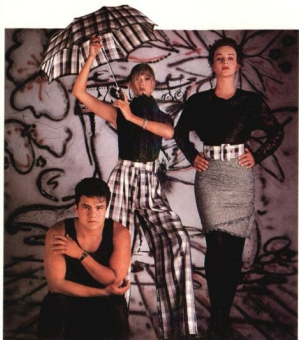
For diners who care less about being educated or entertained than being superbly fed, there are a growing number of upscale restaurants serving exotic delicacies with a Latin twist. At Dallas' luxurious Routh Street Cafe, Chef Stephen



A piquant spread at New York City's Cafe Iguana: Tex-Mex cuisine served in the spirit of a holiday south of the border

finally becoming a bit more sophisticated about Hispanic cuisine. The savory snacks of Spain known as tapas, the distinctive bite of cilantro (coriander) in a salad or seafood dish, and the fiery blast of salsa, Mexico's peppery condiment—are now commonplace ingredients in the menus of non-Hispanic restaurants and, increasingly, in American home cooking.

In many cities the growing popularity of Latin cuisine is altering the dining landscape. Once viewed as cheap neighborhood eateries, Mexican restaurants now number among the most upscale and trendy dining spots. "It's incredible the way it has exploded outside the border states," says Ramon Gallardo, a St. Louis restaurateur who founded and later sold the Casa Gallardo chain. In cities with large Latin populations, the trend goes be-



Stark drama: Esteban Ramos draws on the best elements of Spanish design to create a distinctive, hybrid style



Vibrant palette: Designer Ofelia Montejano, center, weaves the jewel tones of her Mexican heritage into her fabrics

Pyles offers the ultimate in cross-cultural fare: lobster enchiladas with red pepper crème fraîche and caviar, and fillet of salmon with ancho chili tomatilloes. At Tamayo's, a \$2.5 million restaurant located on the edges of East Los Angeles, appetizers include grilled marinated octopus and onion on corn tortillas, followed by such entrées as baked marinated milk-fed kid with ancho and arbol chili, or seasoned shrimp cooked in a stew of capers, olives and tomatoes. Says Tamayo's managing partner, Stan Kandel: "We've had people coming in saying, 'Where's the Mexican food, where are the burritos?' " There were, he admits, a few concessions to Anglo tastes. "We were very conscious of the spicing, that it not be too hot for some palates."

Once converted, however gently, to a variety of Latin flavoring, more and more cooks are trying their hand at home. According to industry analysts, Mexican food sales in the U.S. have jumped from \$200 million in the early '70s to more than \$1 billion last year. Grocery stores and produce markets are beginning to stock everything from taco shells and frozen burritos to such produce as jicama, cassava, cherimoya, yucca and papaya.

Albuquerque's Bueno Food Products has built a new plant to produce its microwavable frozen green chili stew and blue tortillas for sale nationwide. Campbell Soup has bought Puerto Rico-based Casera foods, and is considering introducing its line of Caribbean-style juices, beans, sauces and soups into mainstream markets. Goya Foods has chosen five eas-

ily marketed products for non-Hispanic consumers: nectars, Cream of Coconut, Sazón, Adobo and beans.

For the truly committed, there are the *supermercados* that cater to the most exotic tastes. At Tianguis, a 68,000-sq.-ft. Los Angeles market, shoppers can buy beef lips for 89¢ per lb., 24 kinds of sausage, a host of chilis, not to mention Mexican-made disposable diapers in bright colors.

The built-in tortilleria churns out handmade chips, corn and flour tortillas, the bakery offers Mexican pastries, and a fish market sells live catfish from a 100-gallon tank.

As Latin styles spread through Middle America, over the airwaves, down the fashion runways and in the grocery aisles, they inevitably become exaggerated or diluted to fit Anglo images and tastes. That is reason enough for many Hispanic artists and designers to resist the labels that are often attached to their work and concentrate instead on their individual visions.

Yet their impact is potent nonetheless. *Sensibilidad* is already

reaching, subtly but unmistakably, into America's tastes and moods, flirtations, diversions. The change comes in little ways and large, in new favorite foods and on MTV, in movies and television shows that no longer reduce Hispanics to cartoons, in clothes for a dinner dance with romance and rhythm sewn into the very seams, in public places where a spirit of community overcomes the anonymity of

the city. It comes when the family takes a vacation to Mexico or the Caribbean and finds the landscape less foreign, if not quite familiar.

With a kind of healthy covetousness, America will no doubt continue to sample and borrow and absorb all that it finds most irresistible in the styles of its Latin neighbors and newcomers. A coalescence and collaboration that began 400 years ago show no sign of slowing now. So perhaps *sensibilidad* is bound to flourish in a society that thrives on the generosity of its people and the diversity of its bloodlines.

—By Nancy R. Gibbs.

Reported by Scott Brown/
Los Angeles and Nelida
Gonzalez Cutler/New York,
with other bureaus

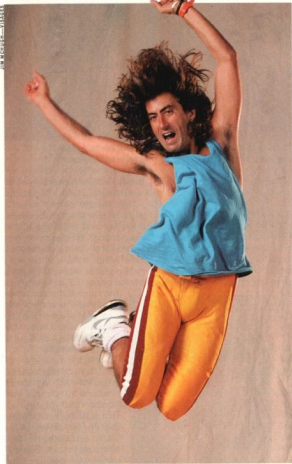


Herrera: clothes with romance sewn into the seams

PEOPLE

Up, Up and . . . Olé!

The American melting pot bubbles away but, surprise of surprises, its contents are barely blended. You can sense the truth of this in the voices and aspirations of these spirited Hispanic-American celebrities, for whom culture is not a cauldron of indistinguishable elements but rather a zesty stew whose ingredients are as often unapologetically *norteamericano* as Latino.



ORTEGA Choreographer
(*Dirty Dancing*, *Salsa*)

Getting high on dancing comes naturally to **Kenny Ortega**. "My parents fell in love on the dance floor," says the son of immigrants from Spain. "I started dancing in the streets. It's a way to get close, to get off, to become one with someone without taking your clothes off." For Ortega, salsa was part of his world as he grew up, "something American," he says, just like rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues. All of which contributed to a problem. "For years I had an identity crisis," he says. "I wanted to be James Brown." What goes up must get down.



SMITS

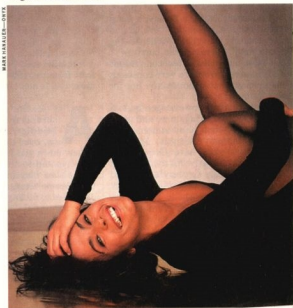
Actor (*L.A. Law*, *Running Scared*, *The Old Gringo*)

The getup is not what you expect from the man who plays slick Los Angeles Lawyer Victor Sifuentes on TV. But **Jimmy Smits**, who got his Dutch surname from his Surinamese father, is quite satisfied with his role as one of Pancho Villa's generals in *The Old Gringo*, the forthcoming movie version of Carlos Fuentes' 1985 novel—even if it seems to be a typical Hispanic role. "We'll start people thinking about relations between the U.S. and Latin America," says Smits. He is now in the middle of shooting Elmore Leonard's *Glitz* for television and is looking out for new challenges. "There's a part of me that longs for a shot at *The Phantom of the Opera*." Where are you, Andrew Lloyd Webber?

ALONSO

Actress (*Moscow on the Hudson*, *Colors*, coming soon in *Vampire's Kiss*)

Vanity Fair had it right when it described this deliciously delirious Cuban Venezuelan as "half out of her mind, half out of her dress." When **Maria Conchita Alonso** talks, the accent is *muy caliente*. "We Latins have this fire inside us, in our hearts, in our skin, the flesh. You just go for it." Does she worry that her Spanish-flavored English may limit her roles? "Who cares? I know plenty of actresses who speak without accents. They're not working. I am." And she's working on a record album in her English too. So there.



BENITEZ

Record Producer (Whitney Houston, Debbie Harry, Madonna)

Like other kids growing up in the South Bronx, John ("Jelly-bean") Benitez always wanted to work in a nightclub. But there was a difference. "Most of the guys in my neighborhood aspired to be bouncers. I wanted to be a deejay." He has since spun his way to fame and riches, along the way producing the first big hit of a struggling singer named Madonna. Benitez believes today's hot music is inner-city "freestyle," and he's working with groups like the Latin Poets to make it happen.



JOHN BENITEZ—WILLIAM J. RAY

SANTIAGO

Actress
(*Beat Street*, *Miami Vice*)

"My Spanish is sooo bad!" confesses **Sandra Santiago**. "My parents concentrated hard on being American." Although she plays superefficient Detective Gina Calabrese on *Miami Vice*, Santiago is affectionately known by the cast as a "space cadet." She often loses keys, misses flights and misplaces her passport. Still, she's not complaining—if only the writers could arrange more than the occasional affair between Gina and Sonny Crockett (a.k.a. Don Johnson). Confides Santiago: "Don's a good kisser."

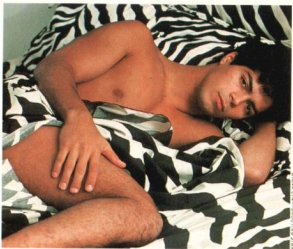


DAVID HAZEL—RODOLFO STAR

MORALES

Actor (*La Bamba*, later this year in *Tequila Sunrise*)

"If postpubescent girls are going to look at me and have the heebie-jeebies, why waste it?" says **Esal Morales**, laying out his charms for a little beefcake. But Morales, who will be appearing soon as an Irish bootlegger in a gangster film called *Bloodhounds of Broadway*, is partial to playing movie baddies. "Maybe I can reach tough guys or drug dealers out there, and they'll say, 'Hey, I like him. He knows my struggle,'" explains the actor. "I don't mind playing the bad guy who has a bit of heart." And a lot of thigh.



ESAL MORALES—WILLIAM J. RAY



LINDA RONSTADT—ALISTAR 1985

RONSTADT

Singer, Actress (*Heart Like a Wheel*, *The Pirates of Penzance*)

She's rocked out, gone country and bopped with big bands. Now **Linda Ronstadt** is singing in Spanish, the language of her Mexican grandfather. Her record company, Elektra/Asylum, had been reluctant to allow her to release *Canciones de Mi Padre* (Songs of My Father), but the album is now headed for platinum, and has opened up a new audience for her. "They're not teenagers with terrible identity crises," she says. "People bring their fathers backstage to meet me!" It's a long way from her 1976 ballad *Desperado*.



VELEZ Lead Singer, *Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam*
(*Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam* with *Full Force*, *Spanish Fly*)

Boom! That's **Lisa Velez's** favorite punctuation. "Step back and watch out!" says the onetime choir girl. "I want to bring the Puerto Ricans out. Boom!" And she's doing it. *Spanish Fly*, which contains her Spanglish single *Lost in Emotion*, has sold nearly 2 million copies. Her group is now putting together a new album with a lot of "Spanish twists." Last week in Atlanta they set off on a nationwide tour. Not bad for a girl who once played a singing prune in high school and still lives with her mom in New York City's Hell's Kitchen.



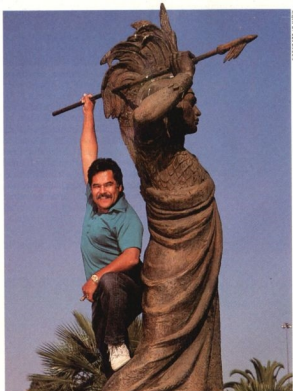
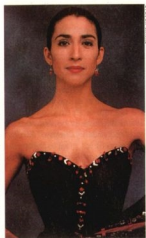
RODRIGUEZ
Actor-Comedian
(*Born in East L.A.*, *D.C. Cab*)

Today, notes **Paul Rodriguez** slyly, being Hispanic is hip. "If tomorrow it was hip to be Korean, I know people who would change their names. It's like Thai food. We are discovered every couple of years." Right now the Mexican-born Rodriguez, whose ABC sitcom *a.k.a. Pablo* lasted only a few episodes in 1984, worries more about the Americanization of Hispanic culture. "Tourists are upset when they go to Mexico and can't get their blue margaritas. And just what is this fajita-pita thing?" So Rodriguez is doing his share to right the balance. He's plugging Miller Lite beer on television in the guise of a movie cowboy.

LOPEZ

Principal Dancer,
New York City Ballet

When she joined the late George Balanchine's company in 1974, Cuban-born **Lourdes Lopez** felt out of place. "It is hard when you've got all those blond girls and you're darker than everyone and your mother speaks a different language. I never thought I'd make it as a principal." A turning point came in 1981, when Balanchine rehearsed her for a pas de deux. "I went over to him and said, 'Mr. B., what do I do?' He said, 'Dear, just dance. Be Lourdes.'" Soon she was outshining Balanchine's fair sylphs.



VALDEZ Playwright, Director
(*Zoot Suit*, *La Bamba*)

It takes two to tangle, and **Luis Valdez** is ready to cross spears with the ghosts of the southwestern U.S. "I'm tired of images that demean," he says. "The whole country still feels like high school to me." Wrestling with his craft is no easier. "Writing Hispanic parts is like walking across a minefield," he says. "There are so many stereotypes. You can't just change the color of the characters and do it 'brown.'"

—By Howard G. Chua-Eoan. Reported by Rodman Griffin/New York, with other bureaus

BOOKS

Bridge over Cultures

A translator gives Latin writers a new home

In 1967 a novel called *Cien Años de Soledad* was published in Buenos Aires and began winning international acclaim for a Colombian journalist named Gabriel García Márquez. Yet nearly three years elapsed before *One Hundred Years of Solitude* made its way into English. The reason for the delay? Argentine Author Julio Cortázar, whose novel *Rayuela* had become a critical success in the U.S. as *Hopscotch*, offered García Márquez a piece of advice based on his own happy experience: Get your book translated by Professor Gregory Rabassa of New York City. As it happened, García Márquez had to wait a while; Rabassa was busy.

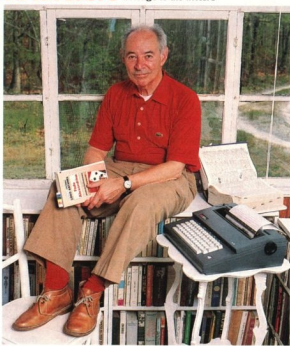
He has been steadily busy ever since. During the past two decades, Rabassa, 66, has translated more than 30 books from the original Spanish or Portuguese. He has given English-speaking readers access to a formidable roster of Latin American authors, including Cortázar, García Márquez, Mario Vargas Llosa, Jorge Amado and Octavio Paz. His work has won an array of awards, including, this past May, a \$10,000 prize from the Wheatland Foundation for his "notable contribution to international literary exchange." Along the way, Rabassa earned the admiration of writers who have gained new audiences through his translations. García Márquez has called him the "best Latin American writer in the English language."

Translators do not ordinarily achieve such renown, and the wry, soft-spoken foreign-language professor seems bemused by his success in a career he never planned. "It was serendipity all the way," he says. Little in his childhood suggested he would someday become a bridge across Latin and Anglo cultures. The youngest of three sons of a Cuban father and an American mother, Rabassa grew up in and around New York City and seldom heard Spanish spoken about the house: "As a Cuban, my father was eager to adapt to his new environment." The Rabassas later moved to New Hampshire, where Gregory attended

high school, but it was only at Dartmouth College that he took up the study of Spanish in earnest. During World War II, the Ivy Leaguer served in North Africa and Italy with the Office of Strategic Services. Among his jobs were receiving and reworking secret military codes: "My first experience of translation." His European service did not lead him to Spain. "If Hitler had invaded there," he says, "my OSS team would almost certainly have gone in. But he didn't, so we went to Italy instead." That missed opportunity has endured. The pre-eminent translator of the Spanish language has never been to Spain.

After the war, Rabassa earned an M.A. and a Ph.D. at Columbia University and then joined the faculty. He helped edit *Olympe Review*, a magazine that published new literature from two European and two Latin American nations each year. Trouble was, English translations of many Spanish and Portuguese works were either nonexistent or inadequate. So Rabassa tried his hand, and the rest is literary history.

RABASSA Scholar in his den: "The credit belongs to the writers"



Since he won a National Book Award for his translation of Cortázar's *Hopscotch* in 1967, Rabassa has juggled two careers. He remains a dedicated teacher and scholar, having left Columbia some 20 years ago to become a professor at Queens College of the City University of New York. And he has, of course, translated incessantly. "I could have done more if I had given up teaching," he says, "but I used spare time and weekends. And there are always the summers."

The professor has traveled extensively in South America, and has paid not one but two visits to the ancient Incan site of Machu Picchu in Peru. "I tell my friends," he laughs, "that I've made the hajj twice." He has also carefully observed the literary landscape, looking for new writers to translate. "It is easier to get published down there than it is in the U.S.," he says, "but harder to make money at it. There are many little magazines, and they are widely read. It's as if the *Kenyon Review* had *The New Yorker's* circulation. But the fees paid to contributors are nothing like *The New Yorker's*."

Rabassa downplays his role of spreading the good words of Latin American writing. "The credit belongs to the writers, particularly Jorge Luis Borges and García Márquez, who rediscovered *Don Quixote*. My theory is that Cervantes was the first magical realist. But then the British stole both the Spanish colonies and the Spanish novel. After that, a lot of Latin

American literature merely aped European models. But life and the landscape in South America were always more vivid than conventional fiction could convey. Once writers began breaking the rules, their subjects came alive."

Still, to have captured such vibrancy in another language is a major accomplishment. Rabassa attributes his success, paradoxically, to his lifelong devotion to English and its literature: he is a dedicated Joycean and enjoys punning on the master's name ("Shame's Choice"). Despite his fluency in a number of tongues, Rabassa feels most comfortable moving from other languages toward English. "I could take a novel written in the U.S. and turn it into Spanish," he says, "but the result would be terribly flat. My passive vocabulary in Spanish would not be up to the task." Fortunately, as millions of readers have discovered, there is nothing passive about Rabassa's English or flat about the literature to which he has given a new voice.

—By Paul Gray

VIDEO

Awaiting a Gringo Crumb

Hispanics have gained on TV—but, oddly, not much

In 1974, several years before she turned her attention to the decadent doings of wealthy Wasps, *Dynasty* Co-Creator Esther Shapiro brought NBC a script for a much different sort of TV show. Called *Maid in America*, it was a bittersweet movie about a Hispanic girl who goes to work for an upper-middle-class Anglo

grungy half of a mismatched pair of Hispanic roommates, debuted on CBS in March. But the show drew abysmal ratings and was canceled after just three weeks. *Juarez*, a drama about a Mexican-American lawman in El Paso, was intended to go on ABC's prime-time schedule last January. It was abandoned because of "creative differences" between the network and Writer-Producer Jeffrey Bloom (who had his name removed from the credits when one episode was finally aired in late May). Among the pilots considered for slots on next fall's network schedule were NBC's *The Cheech Show*, a comedy-variety series starring Cheech Marin, and CBS's *Fort Figueroa*, a drama about the multicultural residents of a rundown Los Angeles apartment building. Both were turned down.

The lone Latino breakthrough on the networks for next season: Benjamin Bratt, the part-Hispanic actor who starred in *Juarez*, will play one of the leads in *Knightwatch*, a new ABC series about a community crime-fighting group. "It's absurd that we don't have one half-hour of Hispanic-themed programming on network television," complains Marin. "We can make stuff as bad as the stuff that's on." Says Rodriguez: "There is no lack of talent in our community, but we are waiting for gringos to toss us a crumb."

Why hasn't the large Hispanic community—which watches 32% more TV than the rest of the population, according to a survey commissioned by Univision, a Spanish-language network—been courted more aggressively by mainstream TV? One reason may be the proliferation of Spanish-language TV stations (130 outlets broadcasting full or part time in Spanish), which have siphoned off a portion of the available audience. The Nielsen ratings, some charge, have long underestimated the Spanish-speaking audience, thus giving the networks less incentive to program for it. Equally problematic is the dearth of Hispanic writers and producers who have the experience or clout to get their projects made. "We're not on the inside, working, developing our craft," says Eduardo Cervantes, a vice president of current programs at Columbia Pictures Television and one of the few Hispanics in a top studio position. Most so-called Hispanic shows are written by Anglos, and as a result depend heavily on outsiders' stereotypes. "Mr. and Mrs. Produc-

er," says Rodriguez, "come home every night to their Hispanic maid and gardener. That is all they know."

Network executives insist that they are receptive, even eager, for shows dealing with Hispanic characters and culture. "Everyone is dying to come up with a Hispanic show," asserts Thomas Murphy, chairman of Capital Cities/ABC. "It would be good for the Spanish-speaking population and for the network." What is needed most is a successful series that would encourage TV's favorite pastime: imitation. Says Norman Lear, whose a.k.a. *Pablo* (also starring Rodriguez) had a short run in 1984: "As soon as a TV hit comes along, they'll copy it 100 times."

Some advances are being made. Planned for next fall is a syndicated

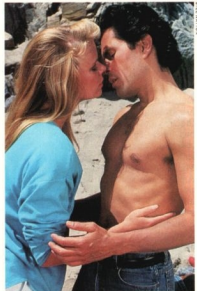


CHEECH His comedy-variety pilot was rejected

family. NBC executives praised the script but ultimately turned thumbs down. The reason, Shapiro recalls, was expressed in one blunt comment: "Tacos don't get numbers."

Food, fashion and network attitudes have changed since then—but, oddly, not that much. Several Hispanic stars have made it to the medium's mainstream, among them Jimmy Smits, of *L.A. Law*, and A Martinez, the Latino heartthrob of NBC's soap opera *Santa Barbara*. And a few prime-time series, from *Chico and the Man* through *I Married Dora*, have featured Hispanic characters and themes. But in contrast to their achievements in the other arts, Hispanics are still waiting for their *La Bamba* breakthrough on TV.

Not that the medium isn't trying. *Trial and Error*, a sitcom starring Mexican-born Comic Paul Rodriguez as the



MARTINEZ Soap-opera heartthrob

music-variety series called *The Latin Connection*, a Hispanic-flavored cross between *American Bandstand* and *Entertainment Tonight*. Bravo, a Philadelphia-based talk show focusing on Hispanic issues, is gearing up for nationwide syndication. The show will be taped, uniquely, in two versions: English and Spanish. By far the most ambitious upcoming project is *El Pueblo! L.A.*, a 14-hour mini-series being planned by CBS for telecast in 1989. The series, produced by Actor Peter Strauss, will chronicle the interplay of cultures that helped shape the city of Los Angeles from 1840 to 1975. A Hispanic *Roots*? Maybe not. But if *El Pueblo! L.A.* scores big in the ratings, it could do what *Roots* did for blacks: turn Hispanics, belatedly, into TV's hottest minority.

—By Richard Zoglin
Reported by Martha Smilgis/Los Angeles

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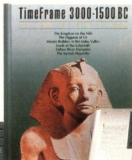


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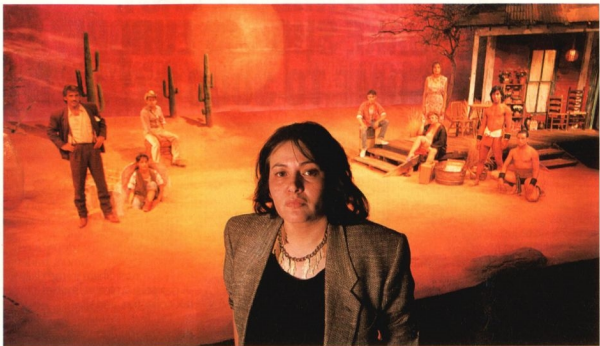
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THEATER

Visions from the Past

Emerging playwrights trade anger for dialogue

Aristocratic Cuban exiles puzzle over the unfamiliar foods given to them as charity by some Dallas Presbyterians. A Southwest farm worker becomes obsessed with breeding the perfect fighting cock. A Manhattan drug dealer demands that his son stay off drugs—or, if he must get high, that he do it in his father's company, at home. A Chicano woman struggles to bring to justice the Texas police chief who murdered her common-law husband.

These emotionally vibrant, and frequently violent, images come from an emerging cadre of playwrights who are perhaps the most eagerly cultivated new voices in the American theater. Like blacks a generation ago, Hispanics have become the ethnic group of the moment, both off-Broadway and at many of the nation's foremost regional theaters. From Manhattan's Public Theater through the Milwaukee Repertory Theater to the Los Angeles Theater Center, they are using their new ascendancy to reach main stages and middle-class white audiences.

The new generation takes its inspiration from the pioneering Hispanic playwrights Maria Irene Fornes (*Fefu and Her Friends*), Luis Valdez (*Zoot Suit*, *I Don't Have to Show You No Stinking Badges*) and the late Miguel Piñero (*Short Eyes*). Four younger writers particularly stand out. They happen to reflect the major ethnic subdivisions within the Hispanic community—Cuban exile, Chicano, Puerto Rican and Latin American émigré—and to embrace literary styles ranging from political invective to lyrical recollection. What distinguishes them, however, is not such representative qualities but a memorable personal vision.

Perhaps the most gifted is Eduardo Machado, 35, a Cuban expatriate who arrived in the U.S. at age eight, speaking no English, when his family fled Castro's Cuba. Brought up in Los Angeles, he now divides his time between a house in suburban Pasadena, Calif., and an apartment in Manhattan. A would-be actor, he began writing plays when a therapist suggested he compose an imaginary letter of

SANCHEZ-SCOTT

In *Roosters*, archetypal confrontations

forgiveness to his mother. Among his best works: *The Modern Ladies of Guanabacoa*, an evocation of the complex caste system in Cuba six decades ago, and *Once Removed*, which captures the bafflement and determination of a family uprooted by the Castro revolution and exiled in the U.S. "I was the first Hispanic playwright in America to write about upper-class people," says Machado. As a result, he believes, "I don't get performed much by Hispanic theaters. I find that odd—they still believe in the stereotype."

At the other end of the political spectrum is Carlos Morton, 40, a didactic, polemical, yet often fiercely funny Texan. Born in Chicago, Morton spoke only Spanish until age five, then adopted English. Frequently uprooted to such places as Panama and Ecuador because his father was a career military man, he now teaches at Laredo Junior College, a few blocks from the Mexican border.

Morton's *The Many Deaths of Danny Rosales* is seemingly calculated to rouse the audience from their seats directly into a protest rally. The framing story is the trial of a brutal, ignorant police chief in rural Texas for the killing of a young Chicano suspected of burglary. Morton's other plays mingle reality and daffy fantasy, human characters and cartoonish stereotypes in order to teach—or preach—the

Hispanic history of the Americas. Says he: "I've seen the glaring difference between the First World and the Third World, and it weighs heavy on my soul."

Reinaldo Povod's first full-length play, *Cuba and His Teddy Bear*, included a street-poet character who was widely seen as a tribute to Miguel Piñero. And like Piñero's *Short Eyes* and Valdez's *Zoot Suit*, Povod's explosive play made the move to Broadway. The script was helped by the casting of Robert De Niro in his first New York stage role in 16 years. Its central character, like the author, was a bright and literate kid who turned to drugs just because they were so pervasive in his environment. Povod, 28, admits that he was addicted for six years.

As with most playwrights who score a success the first time out, Povod was hammered by reviewers for his next effort, *La Puta Vida*, a trio of one-acts depicting sexual depravity and family murder. "Those guys have no contact with people like us, so how can they judge you fairly?" says Povod of his critics.

Milcha Sanchez-Scott, 33, was born in Bali of an Indonesian mother and a Colombian-Mexican father, and lived as a child in Mexico, South America and Britain before her family settled near San Diego when she was 14. Although her father was a middle-class gardener, she identified with those who had not yet fit into the economic system. She



became a sometime actress who also worked as a maid and at a temp agency.

Of these four playwrights, Sanchez-Scott is closest to the Latin American tradition of "magic realism," in which visionary or hallucinatory elements coexist with a gritty naturalism much as they do in the fiction of Borges and García Márquez. In

MACHADO Cuban castes, baffled exiles

the play on which her reputation rests, *Roosters*, what seems a straightforward depiction of the life of farmhands gives way to mysterious visitations, symbolic cock-fights enacted by dancers, virginal girls wearing wings, archetypal confrontations between father and son.

The leading Hispanic writers are joined by a diversity of other developing talents, including José Rivera (*The Promise*), Lynne Alvarez (*The Wonderful Tower of Humbert Lavoignet*), Reuben Gonzalez (*The Boiler Room*) and Romolo Arellano (*Tito*). Like the black writers of a generation ago, the Hispanics seem to be moving beyond an initial preoccupation with anger, self-pity and reductionist politics toward a stage literature that communicates rather than confronts, that reaches for universality and yet portrays people individually. Enriching the American dramatic vocabulary with Latin techniques and traditions, these new playwrights also emulate their U.S. forebears: as in the heritage stretching from O'Neill and Tennessee Williams to Sam Shepard and August Wilson, the overwhelming concern is the family, and the perpetual battleground is the hearth. The nominal topic of debate may be a fighting cock rather than a football game, but the passions of these playwrights are genuine Americana. —By William A. Henry III, Reported by Elizabeth Taylor/Chicago, with other bureaus

Giving Freshness to the Weary

Hispanic playwrights are only the most prominent part of a fast-growing Latin presence in the U.S. theater. Actor Raul Julia, whose career expanded from low-budget off-Broadway shows into films, regularly returns to the New York stage to play such classics as *The Tempest* and *Arms and the Man*. Tony Plana and Nestor Serrano have given some of the most noteworthy off-Broadway and regional performances of recent years. And Choreographer Graciela Daniele, a Tony nominee for *The Pirates of Penzance* and *Drood*, turned to directing Borges-inspired musical theater in the off-Broadway hit *Tango Apasionado*.

Several major regional houses have formed their own Hispanic theater workshops to nurture writers, performers and audiences. Among them are such troupes as San Diego's conservative, Shakespeare-oriented Old Globe Theater and the South Coast Repertory, which plays to a seemingly staid suburban audi-

ence in Southern California's Orange County.

Further evidence of the Hispanic influence can be seen in works by Anglo artists who find inspiration in the Hispanic tradition or who see it as a way of giving freshness to what could otherwise seem wearily familiar. Miami's Coconut



Daniele's Borges-inspired *Tango Apasionado* off-Broadway

Grove Playhouse deftly used a pan-Hispanic ambience and interpolated Spanish phrases to distinguish its production of John Guare's *The House of Blue Leaves* from the Tony-winning Broadway version, seen nationally on PBS.

Hispanic elements can also bring contemporary relevance to distant, avant-garde work. For the La Jolla Playhouse's stunning production of Odon von Horvath's *Figaro Gets a Divorce*, a satire of dictatorship written at the height of the Nazi era, the action was shifted to a mythical region populated by figures reminiscent of Imelda Marcos, Anastasio Somoza and Fidel Castro. Harvard's American Repertory Theater relocated Jean Genet's *The Balcony*, a transvestite dream of sexual corruption in high places, to an unspecified Latin city gripped by revolution. Says JoAnne Akalaitis, who staged *The Balcony*: the Latin flavor imports "a much more visceral energy" and leads to "an art that family history, romance, politics and the history of a nation all fit into." ■

ESSAY

Richard Rodriguez

The Fear of Losing a Culture

What is culture, after all? The immigrant shrugs. Latin Americans initially come to the U.S. with only the things they need in mind—not abstractions like culture. They need dollars. They need food. Maybe they need to get out of the way of bullets. Most of us who concern ourselves with Hispanic-American culture, as painters, musicians, writers—or as sons and daughters—are the children of immigrants. We have grown up on this side of the border, in the land of Elvis Presley and Thomas Edison. Our lives are prescribed by the mall, by the 7-Eleven, by the Internal Revenue Service. Our imaginations vacillate between an Edenic Latin America, which nevertheless betrayed our parents, and the repellent plate-glass doors of a real American city, which has been good to us.

Hispanic-American culture stands where the past meets the future. The cultural meeting represents not just a Hispanic milestone, not simply a celebration at the crossroads. American transforms into pleasure what it cannot avoid. Hispanic-American culture of the sort that is now in evidence (the teen movie, the rock song) may exist in an hourglass, may in fact be irrelevant. The U.S. Border Patrol works through the night to arrest the flow of illegal immigrants over the border, even as Americans stand patiently in line for *La Bamba*. While Americans vote to declare, once and for all, that English shall be the official language of the U.S., Madonna starts recording in Spanish.

Before a national TV audience, Rita Moreno tells Gerald Rivera that her dream as an actress is to play a character rather like herself: "I speak English perfectly well... I'm not dying from poverty... I want to play that kind of Hispanic woman, which is to say, an American citizen." This is an actress talking; these are show-biz pieties. But Moreno expresses as well a general Hispanic-American predicament. Hispanics want to belong to America without betraying the past. Yet we fear losing ground in any negotiation with America. Our fear, most of all, is of losing our culture.

We come from an expansive, an intimate, culture that has long been judged second-rate by the U.S. Out of pride as much as affection, we are reluctant to give up our past. Our notoriety in the U.S. has been our resistance to assimilation. The guarded symbol of Hispanic-American culture has been the tongue of flame: Spanish. But the remarkable legacy Hispanics carry from Latin America is not language—an inflatable skin—but breath itself, capacity of soul, an inclination to live. The genius of Latin America is the habit of synthesis. We assimilate.

What Latin America knows is that people create one another when they meet. In the music of Latin America you will hear the litany of bloodlines: the African drum, the Ger-

Richard Rodriguez, a free-lance writer, editor and expert on Hispanic affairs, is the author of *Hunger for Memory: The Education of Richard Rodriguez*.

man accordion, the cry from the minaret. The U.S. stands as the opposing New World experiment. In North America the Indian and the European stood separate. Whereas Latin America was formed by a Catholic dream of one world, of meltdown conversion, the U.S. was shaped by Protestant individualism. America has believed its national strength derives from separateness, from diversity. The glamour of the U.S. is the Easter promise: you can be born again in your lifetime. You can separate yourself from your past. You can get a divorce, lose weight, touch up your roots.

Immigrants still come for that promise, but the U.S. has wavered in its faith. America is no longer sure that economic strength derives from individualism. And America is no longer sure that there is space enough, sky enough, to sustain the cabin on the prairie. Now, as we near the end of

the American Century, two alternative cultures beckon the American imagination: the Asian and the Latin American. Both are highly communal cultures, in contrast to the literalness of American culture. Americans devour what they might otherwise fear to become. Sushi will make them lean, subtle corporate warriors. Combination Plate No. 3, smothered in mestizo gravy, will burn a hole in their hearts.

Latin America offers passion. Latin America has a life—big clouds, unambiguous themes, tragedy, epic—that the U.S., for all its quality of life, yearns to have. Latin America offers an undistressed leisure, a crowded kitchen table, even a full sorrow. Such is the urgency of America's need that it reaches right past a fledgling, homegrown Hispanic-American culture for the darker bottle of

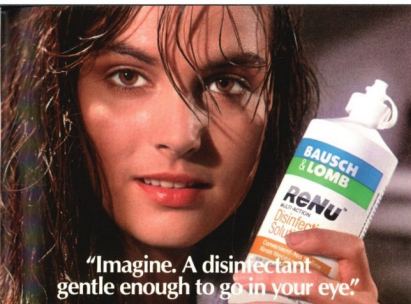
Mexican beer, for the denser novel of a Latin American master.

For a long time, Hispanics in the U.S. felt hostility. Perhaps because we were preoccupied by nostalgia, we withheld our Latin American gift. We denied the value of assimilation. But as our presence is judged less foreign in America, we will produce a more generous art, less timid, less parochial. Hispanic Americans do not have a pure Latin American art to offer. Expect bastard themes. Expect winking ironies, comic conclusions. For Hispanics live on this side of the border, where Kraft manufactures Mexican-style Velveeta, and where Jack in the Box serves Fajita Pita. Expect marriage. We will change America even as we will be changed. We will disappear with you into a new miscegenation.

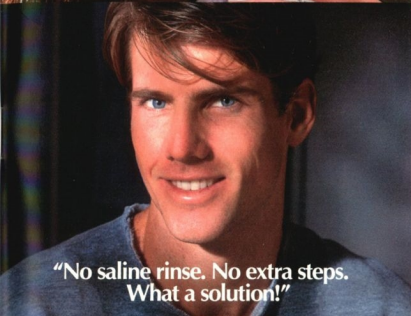
Along and across the border there remain real conflicts, real fears. But the ancient tear separating Europe from itself—the Catholic Mediterranean from the Protestant north—may yet heal itself in the New World. For generations, Latin America has been the place, the bed, of a confluence of so many races and cultures that Protestant North America shuddered to imagine it.

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